McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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ALLEGED CHICKEN THIEF CAPTURED

Geo. L. Doremyer Arrested in Bradford Tuesday by Constable E. W. Jones.

STOLEN BLAKET FOUND ON HORSE.

Doremyer Given Hearing on Two Charges Before Justice B. L. Knapp—Chickens Stolen in Wholesale Lots.

Geo. L. Doremyer was arrested in Bradford Tuesday by Constable E. W. Jones of Smethport on a warrant charging him with the theft of 23 Plymouth Rock chickens from the premises of John Tormey, who lives in Farmers Valley about three miles from Smethport.

The chickens were stolen early Wednesday morning of last week, and Constable Jones, acting on information received went to Bradford looking for the thief and found that the chickens were in the possession of E. J. Royalsky of that city. Royalsky claimed that he bought the chickens, but his actions in the matter were of such a nature that he was arrested on a charge of receiving stolen goods. He furnished bail for his appearance at court before a Bradford magistrate.

Early Tuesday morning Doremyer came to Royalsky with a number of chickens which he wished to dispose of. Royalsky informed the police that Doremyer was the man from whom he obtained the Plymouth Rock chickens and he was detained until Constable Jones arrived from Smethport and placed him under arrest. The constable found Doremyer's horse covered with a blanket that resembled one stolen from L. W. Howden of Coryville last October, so he brought Alan and blanket back to Smethport.

Doremyer was given a hearing Tuesday night before Justice B. L. Knapp on the chicken-stealing charge and placed under $300 bail. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Howden identified the horse blanket as the one stolen from them and caused Doremyer's arrest for the theft. He was also given a hearing on this charge and held under $200 bail. He was unable to furnish security for the amounts and was lodged in jail.

Hundreds of chickens have been stolen during the past few months in the vicinity of Farmers Valley. The chickens were usually taken in wholesale lots and the residents of the Valley and vicinity have strong hopes that the arrest of Doremyer will put a stop to the depredations.

Doremyer was before the McKean county courts in 1898 charged with breaking into freight cars, was convicted and sentenced to a term in the Western penitentiary. It is said that Doremyer had rubber shoes to cover his horse's hoofs and could thus almost noiselessly approach the scenes of his operations. Officers of the law seem to regard his capture as very fortunate as they claim he is a dangerous character to have at large.

Constable Jones went to Bradford yesterday and brought Doremyer's horse and rig and 41 chickens to Smethport. The chickens are at Jones' livery barn awaiting identification. Ten of the flock are supposed to belong to John Tormey.

More About Myers.

According to the Towanda Review, the much sought after Edward Myers, or Troinkje, the slayer of Mrs. Payne at Trowbridge, has not only been seen, but has actually announced his identity. About 2 o'clock Monday morning Mrs. English, who resides with Lizzie Mahan in Mason Valley, appeared before Night Officer Benedict in her bare feet and declared that a strange man was trying his best to murder them. A hurried investigation was made and it was found that the intruder had fled, but he left evidence to substantiate the woman's story, told to Chief Miller Tuesday.

The woman stated that about midnight a rough appearing man, dressed like a lumberman, broke into their house and announced that he was Myers, the Tioga county murderer, had killed 15 women and would show them how he did it. After blowing out the lamp, the ruffian proceeded to choke and beat the women, keeping up the performance for nearly two hours, when Mrs. English gave the alarm. Their throats and bodies bore evidence of the rough treatment.

Mt. Jewett Couple Married.

Mr. August J. S. Malmros and Miss Tillie Larson both of Mt. Jewett were married Tuesday afternoon in the parlors of the Hotel Imperial by Justice B. L. Knapp.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Weismantle, the horseshoer at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Better Business For Smethport.

The Business Men's Association held an interesting meeting at the hose house last Thursday evening. Parties desiring a location for a knitting mill are corresponding with the association. This concern if located here would employ about 50 people on the start. It is encouraging to note that the members of the association still take great interest in matters liable to benefit the town and a united effort on its part cannot help but eventually accomplish great industrial improvement.

Now is the time the people of Smethport should "put in their last licks" toward securing new industries. There are plenty of good reliable people throughout the country looking for locations for new factories, and these people will naturally accept the location offering the best inducements in the interests of their business.

Many a town without Smethport's natural advantages to start with has been placed in prosperous circumstances by continual hustle on the part its enterprising citizens.

Boom Smethport, keep everlastingly at it, and remember in a financial way every little counts.

The regular weekly meeting of the association occurs tonight.

Adulterated Liquors Sold.

A. D. Gould of Eldred, the pure food inspector, has been turning his investigations toward the liquid refreshments sold in various places throughout the county. During a conversation this week Mr. Gould admitted that some of the Smethport samples analyzed were not up to the "pure booze" standard.

The Bradford Era says: A. D. Gould of Eldred, special representative of the Pure Food Commission, is in the city collecting fines from various liquor dealers in Bradford for dealing in adulterated stock. In October Mr. Gould purchased samples of blackberry brandy from every liquor establishment in the city, and at a test in the State laboratory, subsequently, a number of purchases were found to be adulterated goods. Nine of the samples, according to analysis, were discovered to be highly impure and it was decided to impose the usual fine of $50 and costs on each of the dealers. Mr. Gould will prosecute the offenders providing they fail to pay the fines, and it is possible that several of the dealers will fight the case in court. Considerable indignation has been expressed over the action of the commission.

Port Allegania Visit Us.

Last night a party of eight Masons from Port Allegany paid a fraternal visit to McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., and saw this lodge confer the degrees. After the business of the lodge was transacted a light lunch was served in the lodge rooms and then the visitors and a large delegation of the local members repaired to the Central Club where they were entertained at billiards, pool and cards for an hour. They then went to the Wright House where a very good lunch was awaiting them. Another pleasant hour was passed at this popular hostelry and then the jolly crowd started for home, well pleased with their trip over the hill.

The party comprised C. S. King, G. L. Wallace, J. N. Weiman, W. G. Ogilvie, E. M. Holden, J. L. Bayer, P. F. Bard and L. J. Reznor, all jolly good fellows from Canoe Place.

Republican Caucus Jan. 23.

In another column will be found the notice of the holding of the Republican caucus, Jan. 23. The borough officers should be reliable, competent men, and the party should take particular pains to see that only such men be nominated as candidates. With the overwhelming Republican majority in this town it should be easy to elect the full ticket next month. Committeeman W. A. Ostrander informed the MINER that candidates wishing their names to appear upon the printed ballot should present them to him, with 50 cents, as soon as possible. The average voter appears to attach very little importance to borough primaries, but this is not displaying the proper spirit, and by a little hustling this year's vote could be made an exception.

The Glass Business.

No one appears to know among the workmen or manufacturers what developments to expect in the window glass business. Some efforts are being made by the different organizations to "get together," but no satisfactory agreement is in sight. At this writing both Smethport factories are working.

There was nothing accomplished at the meeting of the Window Glass Manufacturers held at Pittsburg on Monday and the situation is practically unchanged. A well known manufacturer said that it looked as though there would be a number of special scales out, but just what effect it would have, he was unable to state.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Entered Into Life Eternal.

At noon on Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1904, word was received in this place, that Miss Charlotte Bard, niece of Dr. H. L. McCoy, Mrs. H. Hamlin, Mrs. J. G. Hamlin and Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, had died in Washington, D. C. on Wednesday morning, after an illness of about four weeks. She was aged 24 years and one month. In taking care of a patient with diphtheria Miss Bard contracted the disease, and it became impossible to dispel the poison from her system. Dr. H. L. McCoy made a second journey to Washington on Monday last, when it was seen that but little hope could be held out for any recovery.

Seldom do we meet with anything so sad and pathetic as the quick change from what is brightest and fairest to the failure of human hopes and joys and the passing away of youth's radiance and loveliness and the promise of so much happiness in life and of bearing happiness into other lives.

Miss Bard's father, formerly editor of the MINER, died in this place in 1883, and her mother in 1888. She is survived by two brothers, Herbert and Roscoe Bard, now of Everett, Washington.

Miss Charlotte made her home chiefly with Mrs. Henry Hamlin, and with Mrs. Edgar McCoy. She was a member of St. Luke's church, and belonged to the choir. She grew up with a circle of young people many of them her relatives in this place, and was beloved by all for the beauty of a pure and unselfish character, and a loving and genial disposition, ready to efface self, never complaining in anyway about anything, but always showing contentment and gentleness. Her ornament was, indeed, that of a meek and quiet spirit. Her departure, from a human standpoint, is sad and seems like a loss but it is all gain and honor, and an infinite increase of beauty and loveliness in a life of joy and peace forevermore. Profound sympathy in this place is tendered to the many relatives, and to Dr. Holland of Washington, who was soon to have been united in marriage to Miss Bard, and to the many friends who have known her from childhood.

The funeral will be at St. Luke's church on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The remains arrived from Washington yesterday afternoon.

May she rest in peace and may light perpetual shine upon her.

Death of Edward Girard Brown.

Edward Girard, the little son of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Brown died early Sunday morning after a week's illness. Inflammation of the bowels was the cause of his death, although at first it was thought that the child and several others of the family were poisoned by eating candy. Dr. Brown, however, became convinced that their illness was not caused by poison in the candy and informed the MINER to that effect last week. The little boy was reported seriously ill last week, but his condition appeared to change for the better and the tidings of his death came as a sad blow to the community.

He was aged about 2 years and three months and was a bright, loving little fellow, the youngest of three children. The sympathy of all our townspeople is extended to the bereaved parents and surviving little ones.

The funeral was held at the family home on Main street, Tuesday, Rev. J. H. McCandless and Rev. G. H. Patterson officiating. Interment at Rose Hill cemetery.

Out of town relatives in attendance at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brooder and daughter of Bartwell, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Church of Titusville, Mrs. Hughes of Turtle Point and Chas. J. Geyer of Dayton, Ohio.

Not Going out of Business.

In some unknown way the report has been circulated that "Ike" Simons of the big double clothing house of Bradford was intending to go out of business and for that reason was having his great reduction sale, but such is not the case. Mr. Simons is having the sale simply to reduce his large stock, which inventories at over $60,000.

As will be seen, by his big advertisement in this issue, he is having this sale to make room for spring goods and the fact that his health is somewhat impaired will make no difference in his business.

P., S. & N. R. R. Clerical Orders.

Clerical orders for the year 1904 will be issued by the P., S. & N. R. R. as in former years to ordained clergymen having regular charges of churches located on or near the line of its road. Application blanks will be furnished by the ticket agents of the company and forwarded to the general passenger agent at St. Marys, Pa., as early as possible. No orders will be issued except on individual application of clergymen made on blanks furnished by the company and certified to by one of its agents.

C. J. RENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

A Satisfied Man

is one who carries one of our Patent Anti-Rust Dinner Pails. They are neat and compact and will wear for years.

Holmes & Gilfillan

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

One of the most pleasant and happy occasions that the people of this vicinity have witnessed for years, and one that seldom occurs, was the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Judge Sartwell of this place on Monday afternoon and evening of last week, Jan. 1, 1872. Fifty years of married life have flown over their heads and it was fit that the venerable couple should again renew the pledges given so many years ago in the morning of their life and again receive the congratulations of their wide circle of friends. Arrangements upon the most liberal and extensive scale, as were suitable to so rare and interesting an event, were made for the occasion. The spacious residence of the Judge, though large enough to accommodate any ordinary company, was not deemed sufficient to contain the many guests and a large hall was provided for those who wished to trip the "light fantastic." The arrangement of the supper room and table was under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Whiteley of Jersey City. Judging by the beautiful appearance of the table we are confident that it could not have been placed in better hands. The taste and skill displayed in its various arrangements was something almost marvelous. It has never been our fortune to witness a table more effectively arranged to captivate the eye and senses of the most exquisite bon vivant and epicure. About 300 invitations had been issued, nearly all of which were honored, and a more enjoyable and happy company we have seldom, if ever, mingled with. It would be impossible to allude to all the ladies, many of whom were richly and tastefully attired, and we are therefore forced to refrain from noticing many deserving of mention both on account of their toilets and the wearers. It is a singular fact that of the large company present at this golden wedding there was but one who was a witness of the original ceremony fifty years ago. That was Mr. Enoch Tyler of Farmers Valley. At the close of the party most of the younger portion of the guests repaired to the hall and kept time with their feet to "music divine" until the "wee small hours." Altogether the party was extremely pleasant, and social and a brilliant success. We had intended to give a list of the names of those who attended, but find it impossible to obtain a correct one. The amount in gold presented on this occasion was $171.35. The presents amount to 195. It is believed that Judge Sartwell is the oldest of the first settlers of McKean county, having come here in 1816, and his wife in 1818. At that time the county was a dense wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts. They were married in a little log cabin on what is known as the old King place, about two miles from Smethport, surrounded on all sides by the trackless forest. The wedding party was not so large or the guests so richly dressed as at the anniversary of 1872, but they were equally joyous and happy. An incident is told that the next morning after the wedding a lofty buck was driven in by the wolves and shot from the cabin door. What many and eventful changes have been experienced by that happy couple and the world since that little wedding in the forest fifty years ago! The Judge has always been held in honor and respect by the entire community wherever he was known and has held numerous offices of trust. He was elected high sheriff of the counties of Potter and McKean two terms and organized both counties for judicial purposes. He has been treasurer of McKean county two years, postmaster twenty years and five years associate judge, and is now president of the Rose Hill Cemetery Association. His house is always open and free to his numerous friends. Old and young, rich and poor are alike kindly and pleasantly greeted and it is the combined wish of their many friends that they may enjoy many more anniversaries of their wedding day.

Died, December 18, 1871, in Liberty township, McKean county, Pa., Mrs. Sophronia Burlingame, aged 77 years, 3 months and 28 days. The deceased was born in the town of Butternuts, Otsego county, N. Y., and came to this county in the year 1815 and settled in Norwich township. She endured the privations and hardships of this life and passed peacefully and quietly away.

Died, in Eldred township on the 9th of January, 1872, Mr. R. Wright, aged 80 years. The deceased was one of the first settlers of McKean, there being but six families living in the county when he moved to it. Squire Wright was, we think, among the first sheriffs of this county and he and Jonathan Colegrove were the first commissioners. The deceased has always been regarded as a man of integrity and a citizen worthy the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He has lived a long and useful life and, now that his work is done on earth, has "joined the innumerable caravan." Thus one after another the old settlers of the county pass away. May their memories be held sacred and their virtues emulated.

Eckstein Was Acquitted.

A dispatch in this morning's Ere from Allentown, Pa., says: "Alois Eckstein, one of the lovers of Mabel Bechtel, who was mysteriously murdered last October, was acquitted this afternoon of complicity in the crime after a brief trial in which the conduct of the prosecuting attorney sorely tried the patience, not only of Judge Trexler, but also of the jurymen and counsel for the defense. E. J. Lichtenwalner, the district attorney of Lehigh county, was so befogged that it was with difficulty the case was carried to a conclusion. Several times the court interfered and threatened to end the proceedings for the day unless the Commonwealth conducted its case in a more orderly manner. At one time the district attorney's assistant in the case took charge, only to be set aside by the district attorney later on. The court endured the proceedings until after the jury had been instructed to render a verdict of acquittal when Judge Trexler adjourned court."

Several members of the Bechtel family are accused of being implicated in the crime, but there seems to be little evidence upon which to convict them.

Cold Recollections.

In discussing the cold weather of last week P. L. Webster, an old inhabitant of Bradford, gives some data of the winter of 1857. He says: "Monday was cool, but the winter of 1857 was much colder. The coldest day was 40 below zero, and it averaged 25 degrees below for a week. One day the sun shone brightly all day and the mercury was 25 degrees below zero in the warmest part of the day. The snow was three feet deep on the level, and in the woods it was from four to five feet deep. There were 40 days in succession that the snow did not melt on the south side of the buildings. The winter of 1863 was a very cold and stormy one. The mercury went to 34 below and there was a week, at one time, that was as cold and blustry as last Saturday. The Little Ormige, the only engine there was on the road at that time, was four days making a trip to Carrollton and return. You may publish this if you like and if any one doubts it I have the papers to show for it."

Gorton's Minstrels.

Gorton's Famous Minstrels will come to the Lyceum January 22. This company has the distinction of being the oldest as well as one of the best minstrel organizations on the road and numbers among its performers such well known and capable artists as Welby and Pearl, Gorton and Lee. The Marvelous Mardo troupe of acrobats, Joe Sandford, The Crescent City Quintette, The Wonderful Faron Trio and other performers of ability. Especial attention has been given to the selection of the vocal contingent and the instrumental music as usual with this company will be of the highest order.

The Wonderful Faron Trio, grotesque acrobatic comedians, are a strong feature with Gorton's Minstrels this season and are making a pronounced hit. The style of their act is different from all others of this kind and never fails to please.

Notice.

On behalf of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F., we desire in this way to extend a cordial invitation to every lodge and every individual Odd Fellow, who may see or hear of this notice, to attend the dedication ceremonies of the new I. O. O. F. hall in this city on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8 p. m., in the rebuilt building on the Public Square.

The grand lodge officers will be present and elaborate arrangements are being made for the celebration.

Fraternally,

For the General Committee,
JAS. A. LINDSLEY, Chairman.
ED. JEFFRIS, Secretary.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 11, 1904.

(Pennsylvania and Western New York papers please copy.)

P., S. & N. Passenger Service.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad announces the opening for passenger service that portion of its line between Bolivar and Angelica. This event which has been a desideratum with the patrons of the popular Shawmut for some time past took place on Sunday, December 27th. On this date through train service was established between St. Marys, Pa., and points north to Wayland, N. Y., and Hornellsville, N. Y., making close connections with the D., L. & W. R. R. and the Erie R. R. at the latter points.

Your attention is invited to the train schedule in another column.

C. J. RENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

Low Rates West via Nickle Plate Rd.

Special one way colonist tickets to points throughout the west and southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going west this winter see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. O. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Arthur Brands of Bolivar was in town Tuesday.

W. S. Palmer is in Rochester on business this week.

Geo. W. Mitchell had business in Bradford on Saturday.

Chas. H. Brown of Bradford was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. E. C. Tanner of Eldred visited friends in town this week.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays was a business visitor in Kane on Friday.

J. W. McCarty of Pittsburg is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Arthur Wright of Port Allegany was greeting friends in town Monday.

Harold Backus departed Tuesday for Pittsburg where he will attend school.

S. W. Smith, Esq., of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town Monday.

Messrs. T. W. Camp and J. Scott Walker were business visitors in Pittsburg this week.

Mrs. Jennie Tracey, who has been passing her vacation in town, returned to Buffalo Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Corliet and daughter of Brookville are guests of John Forrest and family this week.

Miss Etta Hinman left last Thursday for Lock Haven, Pa., where she will attend the State Normal school.

Mrs. M. L. Church of Titusville is visiting in town, called here by the sickness and death of Girard Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Barker have returned to their home in Bradford after spending the holidays with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley have returned to their home in Bradford after an extended visit with their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Kerr.

Wm. O'Reilly sailed from New York on Tuesday for Peru, South America, where he has accepted a very fine position. Mr. O'Reilly expects it will take about fourteen days on water before reaching Peru.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 9, 1904:

Albert Barry, Mrs. Hanna Unger, Frank P. King, Mrs. C. L. McHarty.

Foreign—W. Rigby.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALTUP,
Postmaster.

Wolters-Canfield.

Mr. Leon Walters and Mrs. Harriet Canfield both of Manistee, Mich., were married Thursday last in Georgia. Mr. Wolters was born and passed his boyhood in Smethport, where his mother, Mrs. Alice McClure, resides. Leon was formerly a professional base ball player of considerable note, but of late years has devoted his entire attention to the hardware business. A host of Smethport friends extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wolters.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefitted and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wolfs'.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between J. W. Voorhees and John R. McCarty was dissolved on the twelfth day of January A. D. 1904, so far as relates to the said J. W. Voorhees. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same discharged by the said John R. McCarty, at East Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said John R. McCarty.

JOHN R. MCCARTY,
JOHN W. VOORHEES.

Smethport, Pa., January 12th, 1904.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Working in the Woods.

Our line of Wood Cutters, Go-Devils, Wedges, Axes, Saws and tools of all kinds is complete. Saws gummed while you wait. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For first-class oysters and clams in bulk or served in any style call at Harrington's Restaurant. They are always fresh and the prices are reasonable.

Leave your orders for oysters and clams with N. M. Harrington. He carries the best stock in town and they are always fresh.

Get your oysters and clams at Harrington's Restaurant. They are best.

Subscribe for the MINER.

REDUCED PRICES FOR JANUARY.

On Saturday last, Jan. 9th 1904, IKE SIMONS of 46-48 Main St., Bradford, Pa, Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, inaugurated a sale of his entire stock consisting of merchandise for Men's and Boys' wear aggregating upwards of $60,000.00.

This sale will continue during the balance of January, the object being to reduce this stock from $60,000.00 to $30,000.00.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Simons has been in very poor health and has been advised by his physicians to go away and take a needed rest, the absolute necessity of turning part of this immense stock into cash becomes apparent.

Price, the power that loosens the purse strings, combined with the immense assortment found in this house; are brought to bear upon surplus cash and daily wants of the individual living in the territory surrounding the city of Bradford.

It is beyond question advantageous to buy now whatever article of apparel for man or boy that is needed for both present and future wear.

We can assure buyers who come from a distance to trade with us that during this sale we will have plenty of stock. Sizes, varieties of patterns; guaranteeting fit and easy choosing, will be plentiful even when this sale has ended.

The reduced prices include Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, trousers, Ulsters, Reefers, Working Coats, Rain Coats, Mackintoshes, Waterproof Coats, Underwear, Shirts, Sox, Suspenders, Neckwear, Gloves, Trunks, Valises, Dress Suit Cases, Umbrellas, Hats and Caps.

With the exception of the following goods Earl & Wilson Collars, Dent's and Fownes' Dress Gloves, Dunlap Hats and Overalls which are sold at a price named by the makers, every article in the house is reduced in price to actual cost and some goods will be sold at from 20 to 50 per cent below cost.

Every statement made herewith is absolutely correct, as those who have known Mr. Simons and traded with him for the past seventeen years can vouch for.

"IKE" SIMONS,

46-48 MAIN ST. Big Double Clothing House, BRADFORD, PA.

Boys' Suits.

Former price $1.50—	$ .95
Former price $1.75—now	1.10
Former price $2.00—now	1.35
Former price $2.25—now	1.50
Former price $2.50—now	1.80
Former price $3.00—now	2.10
Former price $3.50—now	2.65
Former price $4.00—now	2.95
Former price $4.50—now	3.25
Former price $5.00—now	3.75
Former price $6.00—now	4.25
Former price $6.50—now	4.50
Former price $7.00—now	4.95
Former price $7.50—now	5.75
Former price $8.00—now	5.95

Boys' Overcoats.

Former price $3.50—now	$2.65
Former price $4.00—now	2.95
Former price $4.50—now	2.95
Former price $5.00—now	3.65
Former price $6.00—now	4.10
Former price $7.50—now	5.90
Former price $8.50—now	6.25
Former price $10.00—now	7.25
Former price $12.00—now	8.75

Working Coats.

Former price $1.25—Working Coat	$ .95
Former price $1.50—Working Coat	1.15
Former price $2.00—Working Coat	1.45
Former price $2.50—Working Coat	1.85
Former price $3.00—Working Coat	2.10
Former price $4.00—Working Coat	2.95
Former price $5.00—Working Coat	3.65
COATS, SHEEPSKIN LINED:	
Former price $4.00—Working Coat	$3.15
Former price $5.00—Working Coat	4.25
Corduroy Suits for men, former prices $8.00 and $10.00 now	6.50

Men's Trousers.

Former price $1.00—Trousers now	85c
Former price $1.50—Trousers now	$1.20
Former price $2.00—Trousers now	1.45
Former price $2.25—Trousers now	1.75
Former price $2.50—Trousers now	1.90
Former price $3.00—Trousers now	2.25
Former price $3.50—Trousers now	2.75
Former price $4.00—Trousers now	3.00
Former price $4.50—Trousers now	3.25
Former price $5.00—Trousers now	3.50
Former price $6.00—Trousers now	4.50

Boys' Overcoats.

Former price $3.50—Overcoats now	$2.45
Former price $4.00—Overcoats now	2.95
Former price $4.50—Overcoats now	3.25
Former price $5.00—Overcoats now	3.65
Former price $6.00—Overcoats now	3.95
Former price $7.00—Overcoats now	4.90
Former price $7.50—Overcoats now	5.10
Former price $8.00—Overcoats now	5.45

Hats.

$4.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	$3.00
$3.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.75
$3.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.25
$2.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.00
$2.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	1.50
$1.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	1.00
$1.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	.75

Men's Ulsters.

Former price $15.00—Ulsters now	$10.75
Former price $10.00—Ulsters now	7.75
Former price $ 8.00—Ulsters now	6.25

Men's Reefers.

Former price $7.50—Reefers now	$6.25
Former price $5.00—Reefers now	3.90

Men's Overcoats.

Former price $ 8.00—Overcoats now	$ 5.80
Former price $10.00—Overcoats now	7.65
Former price $12.00—Overcoats now	9.75
Former price $14.00—Overcoats now	10.85
Former price $15.00—Overcoats now	11.25
Former price $18.00—Overcoats now	13.70
Former price $20.00—Overcoats now	14.75
Former price $22.00—Overcoats now	16.90
Former price $25.00—Overcoats now	18.90
Former price $30.00—Overcoats now	21.85
Former price $35.00—Overcoats now	25.75

Men's Suits.

Former price $ 7.50—Men's Suits now	$ 5.75
Former price $ 8.00—Men's Suits now	5.90
Former price $ 9.00—Men's Suits now	6.95
Former price $10.00—Men's Suits now	7.65
Former price $12.00—Men's Suits now	9.75
Former price $13.00—Men's Suits now	9.90
Former price $14.00—Men's Suits now	10.85
Former price $15.00—Men's Suits now	11.25
Former price $16.50—Men's Suits now	12.65
Former price $18.00—Men's Suits now	13.70
Former price $20.00—Men's Suits now	14.75
Former price $22.00—Men's Suits now	16.90
Former price $25.00—Men's Suits now	18.85

EZRA BRIGGS' REVENGE

By D. H. TALMADGE

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My friend the postmaster and general storekeeper of Harleyville was sitting on the front porch of his establishment lazily puffing small clouds of blue smoke into the air and blinking comfortably at his slippered feet, which were resting against a post on a level with his face. I spoke to him, and the feet slipped down with a thud.

"Howdy," he said. "Sizing warmish, ain't it?"

I nodded, wiping from my face the perspiration engendered by an ill advised walk of two miles over a road unshaded from a merciless July sun. The family at the farmhouse where, from motives of economy, I was spending my vacation had gone to a funeral, and I had wearied of my own company. Wherefore the afternoon being too hot for fishing, I had come to Harleyville to seek companionship.

"I'd have went to Ike's funeral myself," said the storekeeper when I had explained thus to his satisfaction, only the feet of the folks wanted to go, and I didn't like to close up the place on account of the postoffice. I was dotted to Ike's when the event damp breath blew his lamp out. I sot up with him two or three nights along at the last."

"He was a close friend of yours?" I asked.

"Well," sighing explosively, "there ain't much doubt he was considerable close, and we was always friends, him and me. I had a feeling of sympathy for him during the last years of his life, too—sort of an admiration for him, because he took his medicine like a man. 'Tain't every male human that does."

"Then he had long been an invalid?"

"No; that ain't the idea. He wasn't sick a great while. The story dates back nigh on to twenty years, when him and Ezra Briggs was rivals for the hand of Martha Telford. 'Twas nip and tuck between 'em, but Ezra finally won the match. Ike was fool enough to get mad about it, and when his pa died, leaving among his other effects a mortgage on the old Briggs place where Ezra was living, his parents both being defunct, he foreclosed the thing and made a regular dickens of a bad mess. Ezra could have paid it held had another six months, but Ike wouldn't wait. That was the beginning of a mighty hard time for Ezra. Nothing he touched after that seemed to prosper. Him and Martha—there wasn't no children—come at last to live in a house not much better than a shanty down by the mill yonder, and the woman's love, so my wife and daughter say, sort of took sick and died. I've heard tell there ain't much female love that's proof against poverty long drawn out, and heaps of what passes for real honest affection leaks away through the worn out places in woman's clothes.

"It's my opinion that Martha wasn't a real comfortable person to live with during the last two or three years of Ezra's life. I've got a suspicion, more or less founded on fact, that she was sourer than the dregs of vinegar and that her patience sort of shot off like a Gatling gun once it had bu'sted. Ezra took sick finally with somebody or other's disease of something or other that the doctors said was incurable, and he didn't keep up after that, just poked around and groaned till the trouble knocked him down into bed.

"He kept his own counsel pretty much, but I've got a notion he was nursing a feeling of bitterness against Ike most of the time then. I said to myself 'twould be a blessing if the old death angel would only flop down and carry him off before he done anything that would shock the community.

"But I was worrying unduly. However much he may have been figuring on revenge, there wasn't no bloody violence mixed into his figuring. He did give the community sort of a shock, though, such as 'twas. Most of us couldn't understand then why he done as he did, but it is as clear as molasses to me now.

"The river yonder five years ago last March got on a ripping leak owing to a sudden thaw, and among other things it done it swooped down across Ike's barnyard and carried off a lot of live stock, and things, including Ike himself, who was trying to rescue a valuable ram he'd paid a big price for at the state fair.

"He went along with the flood and never stopped till he struck in the branches of a small tree about seventy or eighty feet from shore near where Ezra's house stood. And as chance would have it Ezra heard him yelping for help and dragged himself out of the house, where he was staying alone with his disease, while Martha washed dishes up to the hotel over at Bottom village.

"Now, 'twould have been no more than natural for a Dutchman, Ezra in addition to have done nothing but gloat over the situation. But Ezra didn't do nothing of the kind. He hustled around as fast as his disease would let him to save Ike before the tree come unrooted.

"He got a long rope and tried to throw one end of it to Ike, but it fell about five feet short every time, so he waded out into the water, though the doctor had told him 'twould kill him to get his feet wet. When Ike had tied one end of the rope to himself Ezra tied the other end to a fence post, and the current done the rest.

"That wetting of his feet and legs was the beginning of Ezra's finish. That night he had a chill, and his disease simply got rampageous. The doctor said 'twas hopeless the minute he seen him and give him a week to live, if he didn't drop off in the meantime. And Ike—well, Ike come around penitent and humble as anything the Old Testament ever produced, saying Ezra saved his life, for he couldn't swim a stroke, and asking if there wasn't anything he could do to make amends to him. There wasn't, of course. The time had gone by for that. But Ike hung around the place clothed in figurative sackcloth and ashes most of the time till Ezra passed along to the next world eight days later."

It seemed to me rather a pretty story of the greater love hath no man than this sort and heap coals of fire upon his head sort, and I said as much to the storekeeper.

"Shucks! That wasn't Ezra's revenge at all, though I thought it was till I learned different. Ezra was simply saving Ike for the torture that was all. Two days before he died he sent for me, and he says, with a shivery chuckle, when he'd sent the others out of the room: 'Old friend, I've got to tell somebody this, and I've chose on you. It'll be easier dying if I know that somebody alive knows how I got even with that cuss. I've forgive him and all that, but, say,' and he drew me down closer to him, 'I've made him and Martha promise solemnly, with their hands touching mine, that they'll get married as soon as decent, and, oh, glory, won't she just knock the plaster off of him!' He was chuckling hard when I left him, and I reckon he died chuckling. My wife said he looked real peaceful and contented and satisfied and sort of natural in his coffin."

"And, Ike?" I asked after a short interval, during which the storekeeper's gaze rested upon a distant hilltop where white stones gleamed in the sunshine.

Once more he sighed, more softly this time. "Poor Ike!" he murmured. "I never see a man who seemed so glad to die as him."

Poetry and Science.

Poetry has perhaps no place in the exact sciences, partly because exactness is incompatible with poetic license, partly because of the undeniable tendency of the poet to get things wrong. A curious example of this was noticed in a lecture at the Camera club by Mr. Dingman on cuttlefishes. The modern cuttlefish is a descendant of the fossil belemnite, but the only descendant of the coeval ammonite is the paper nautilus. Better known is the Portuguese man of war, with which the paper nautilus is sometimes confused and which is really allied with the belemnite group, because, while its shell appears external, it is not really so. The poets Pope, Baron and James Montgomery all easily fell into the error, and Pope's well known lines in the "Essay on Man":

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale—

embody a wrong description of this very interesting animal. Pope believed, with many other people, that the little cuttlefish comes to the surface head downward and spreads some fleshy web and ring expansions in the form of two sails and six little oars. But it does nothing of the kind. The two little oval expansions the sails are never raised at all, but always tightly clasp the shell. They form, in fact, part of the shell. Moreover, the nautilus comes to the surface upside down, if we may so express its position.—London Post.

Noise as a Curative Agent.

The Chinese doctor sets up a terrible racket when called to treat the sick. This is supposed to drive evil spirits away, and it unquestionably acts well in a great many cases. Civilization demands rest and quiet. All noise is barred from the sickroom. The Chinese have demonstrated unknowingly a great psychological or psychopathological fact. A patient of mine had received the last rites of the church, the pulse had ceased at the wrist and he had sunk into that coma which precedes death. Some one in the next house struck up the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." I was very much annoyed and distressed and tried to stop it. Suddenly the pulsation at the wrist began again, the patient gradually opened his eyes, motioned to his sister. She bent low, and he whispered in her ear, "Te dum te dee; that is my favorite tune." We roused him, fed him, and today, ten years after the event, he weighs fifty pounds. The therapeutics of vibration or noise is yet to be written. So I have discovered that anything that can arouse the subconscious, subliminal self will cure my patient when all drugs fail, and noise is a very cheap agent.—Medical Brief.

Unprofitable Bother.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Oldcastle. "I don't know what we are to do with the hot pollo!"

"Josiah," replied her hostess, "wanted to have ours put in a box and set in the library window, but I just told him we'd have new ones set out next spring if the frost killed them off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Beginning.

"How many suits can you see?" she asked.

"Two more than you," he said.

"How do you make that out?" she asked.

"I can see your eyes," he said.

And that was the beginning of it all.

PATENT LEATHER.

The Process by Which It Takes on the Enamel Finish.

All manufacturers of patent leather have their own tanning processes, much like those of the calf skin tanner, though some patent leather is given a bark tanning. Horsehide and calf skins are the chief leathers made with a patent finish.

The patent or enamel finish is usually printed and baked on as the bicycle manufacturer paints and bakes enamel on to a frame. Tanners are very particular about keeping their processes secret, and nobody but workmen is ever allowed in the finishing rooms.

The hide or skin, having been stretched and dried as much as possible, is first given a coating of a mixture of linseed oil, litharge, white lead or similar materials, boiled together until they make a pasty mixture.

This is daubed on the surface with a steel tool and well rubbed in, so that the pores of the leather will be filled up. Then the leather is put into the oven, its surface being exposed to steam pipes at a temperature of about 160 degrees.

Next the surface is rubbed down with pumice stone, and then it is covered with linseed oil and ivory black, about six layers being applied, each layer being dried and rubbed down. Lastly, varnish is applied and then the surface is rubbed down and finished off as wisely as a painter finishes a fine carriage.

Dutch Patchwork.

Holland is certainly the land of artistic patches. Take, for instance, our very worthy captain, a thrifty man and prosperous, with a neat sum tucked away. Yet see his shirt patched and repatched and patched again in varying shades of brown and red until it has been completely metamorphosed! As to the original color, no man knoweth, but here is a wonderful mosaic of soft tones, put together with infinite skill and patience. It is, moreover, still in a state of evolution, for the process may go on indefinitely. I take it that the purchase of a new shirt is a solemn rite and not to be entered upon with indecent haste or thoughtlessness. Here is a prospective heirloom, and one's children's children may gaze with pride upon it. And yet Barney O'Toole, whose specialty is mortar and who possesses nothing save a numerous progeny and a very doubtful insurance policy, would flee in terror at the thought of wearing it.—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

Not For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy.

It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the jeweler who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the trinket had cost him twice that money.

"Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

Both Sides of It.

She—It's lots of fun to flirt with a man till you get him to propose, and then say "No."

He—Yes. And it's lots of fun for the man, too, but he runs an awful risk.

She—How's that?

He—She might fool him and say "Yes."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Eurasian Badger.

The badger is a great epicure in eggs, and much of the hostility of gamekeepers to this animal lies undoubtedly in the fact that it will, when it gets the chance, devour a whole nest of partridge or pheasant eggs. Badgers are said also to be fond of honey, and, knowing the extraordinary craving of their South African cousin, the ratel, for this delicacy, I should say it is not improbable that they may occasionally partake of it. It is certain that these animals have a particular liking for the nest and larvæ of wasps and wild bees, digging down with strong feet and infinite perseverance till they attain their object. These animals are said by keepers to kill and devour freely young rabbits. That they do partake of this fare at times is, I think, certain, but that they destroy any very considerable number is more than doubtful. Still, the badger is carnivorous in his tastes and is not even by his kindliest friends to be absolved from devouring at times tender rabbits and even the young of game birds when he can get hold of them.—Longman's.

Taking Pleasure Swiftly.

Take time to be merry, to "have a good time," and you will double your possibilities of health, wealth and happiness. Anglo-Saxons are made fun of because they take even their pleasures sadly. The American cousins, with characteristic energy, make a business of it. Mr. Mantalini's story of the American who was "doing" the United Kingdom in a week is a good illustration of Jonathan's method of pleasuring. A visitor's card was brought to Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) in his study, but before he had time to read it his visitor stood before him and announced himself: "My name is Elijah K. Higgins," he said breathlessly, "and I am a busy man. You are also busy and have no time to fool away. Four days are all I can give to the United Kingdom, and I wished to shake hands with you. Goodby! I am off to Drumtochty."—Success.

Two Famous Archers.

A curious lawsuit regarding the ownership of lands was tried recently in Ceylon. The trouble originated at an archery competition held by King Parakrama Bahu VI., who ruled over Ceylon in the fifteenth century, in which there were two champions who outdistanced all the rest and alike hit every mark that was submitted to them. The king was about to divide the prize when from a neighboring pond a frog was heard to croak. The king seized upon a solution and declared that whichever could hit the frog, aiming only by ear, should gain the prize. One of the archers transfixed the frog with the arrow. So delighted was the monarch that, besides the original prize, he gave to the winner an estate of 50,000 acres. The claimants in the lawsuit were the descendants of the archer.

A Healthful Costume.

When the Fraser highlanders landed in North America in 1757, it was proposed to change the dress on account of the cold winters and hot summers. The officers successfully opposed this and were ultimately justified by the highlanders being the healthiest soldiers in the army. In the campaign in Holland in 1794 some regiments lost as many as 300 from disease, but the Black Watch, which had 300 recruits in its ranks, had only twenty-five casualties, including the killed in battle.

Not Necessarily Fatal.

"Almost from his boyhood," said Mr. Upmore, who seldom boasts, "our Johnny has been ambidextrous."

"My boy used to be troubled a good deal that way when he was little," remarked Mr. Gaswell. "We always gave him castor oil for it."—Exchange.

Call and see the elegant line of

Hawke's Cut Glass

AT

L. K. HOGARTH'S

A few of the favorite cuts:

BRUNSWICK, LORRAINE,
PORTLAND NIAGARA
GLADYS BERKSHIRE
CYPRESS FLORENCE
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Prices better than you can get in the cities.

We have Hot Water Bottles handsome enough for Christmas presents.

Fine Perfumes and Sachets. Stationery. Pocketbooks.

Call us up on the Bell or Union.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Modern, scientific— and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,

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Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

ONE LUNG

May be gone and yet the remaining lung will be amply sufficient to sustain a vigorous vitality. As a general thing few people make more use of both lungs than is equivalent to a healthy use of one lung.

These facts are all in the favor of the man or woman with weak lungs, even when disease has a strong grip on them.

Many a person living in health to-day has the lungs marked by the healed scars of disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes weak lungs strong. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs and other conditions, which, if neglected or unskillfully treated, find a fatal termination in consumption.

"I had been troubled with lung disease and pleurisy for a number of years and the trouble had almost become chronic," writes A. S. Elam, of Howe, Ia. "Tried many kinds of medicine from different physicians without much benefit. At last wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce and got his advice, and began using his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have used twenty-five bottles. When I commenced taking it I had no appetite, my system was completely run-down, had no ambition to do anything. Now I feel better than I did before I got sick. Have a good appetite and am able to do my work. I sincerely recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to all who are afflicted as I was."

Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

Forgetful Disraeli's Luck.

In conversation with the writer the late Lord Rowton told the following story: The talk had turned upon Mrs. Brydges Willyams, the lady who left her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield, and about whom there had just been a controversy in the London newspapers.

"Dizzy told me the story of that episode. He received one morning a letter from Mrs. Willyams, whom he did not know, in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately the letter was left in his greatcoat pocket, and Dizzy did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England and in the very town in which Mrs. Willyams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Willyams was so flattered at, as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him and then calling that she decided on leaving him her fortune. That shows how wise it is not to answer letters," added Lord Rowton.—London Truth.

Picturesque Dutch Boats.

Along the quay in the busy harbor of Rotterdam the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to rudder post, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck brass and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes the family wash flutters its many hues against the windy sky. Chubby, red cheeked children climb in and out of the cabin doors or press their round noses against the tiny window panes. The women gossip in the sun or flutter around in pursuit of their household duties, while the men lounge about, their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of domestic housekeeping with phlegmatic content.—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

Didn't Like Changes.

"Jim, you said the old farmer to the druggist after having purchased a quantity of strychnine to kill off rats, "I'm a man who don't like changes. When I get home I shall say to the old woman:

"'Maria, here's the strychnine to kill off the rats, and you want to be careful in it.'

"'Where shall I put it?' she will say.

"'In the same old place—right along side the baking powder. We've been keepin' it there for thirty years, and you've never put it in the pie crust or biscuit by mistake, but if we hide it away upstairs or down cellar or out to the barn, one of us will be sartin to take it for Epsom salts before the week is out and git a heavenly hustle on us.'"—Detroit Free Press.

How Did the Turtle Find His Way?

The rocks at the west coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea turtles, some of them as heavy as a man, and an English steamer once took aboard several dozen of these sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool.

But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the homesick creature had been flung back overboard.

A Needed Admonition.

On one of my trips through the south I sauntered into an old dilapidated cemetery of Virginia and read many very peculiar epitaphs upon tombstones. One in particular attracted my attention, which happened to be that of a slave who had been inclined to be stout. The grave had long since been neglected, and the inscription could only be read after brushing away the vines which grew upon it. But my labor was rewarded, for there on that tombstone I read, "Aliza Wite weighed 300 pounds; open wide the golden gates."—Philadelphia Press.

Army Firing Positions.

Standing, kneeling, sitting and lying down are the four positions prescribed for firing by the army regulations. The lying position alone is prescribed for the 800 and the 1,000 yard ranges, while at all the other ranges up to 2,000 yards the lying and sitting positions are used. At 100 and 200 yards the sitting and standing positions are prescribed. Wherever the sitting position is prescribed the kneeling may be substituted, but for the majority of persons the sitting is by far the better position of the two.

Silenced Mamma.

"Now," said the anxious mother, "you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until 2 or 3 in the morning."

"But," said the shrinking maiden, "aren't all husbands like that? Papa is not a reporter, and—and yet—"

But the anxious mother declined to listen.

This Is a Fancy Sketch.

Mrs. Wiggles—Can you let me have $2 to do a little shopping with?

Mr. Wiggles—Certainly, my dear, but I am afraid that $2 will not be enough. Here is a twenty dollar bill.—Somerville Journal.

Original and Sudden.

Camera Fiend—Shall I take you, Miss Passee?

Miss Passee—Oh, you original man! How sudden!—Houston (Tex.) Post.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Pain in Back, Kidneys, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

The Origin of Mezzotint.

Colonel von Siegen, a Dutch artist of German extraction, holding an appointment at the court of the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was the inventor of mezzotint, that branch of engraving which comes nearest to nature, though it is far from being the best means of artistic expression.

It dates from about 1611 and is said to have been suggested by the rust on a weapon which a soldier was cleaning. The first fruits of this newly discovered process consisted of a picture of the landgrave's mother, the drawing—landgraving, which Siegen presented at court, stating that no copperplate engraver or artist could explain or imagine how it was done.

Evelyn, in his "Sculptura," 1662, attributes the invention to Prince Rupert. An original letter of Siegen's, still in existence proves this to be an error, for Siegen met Prince Rupert in Brussels in 1654 and disclosed the process to him then and there, knowing that the prince had already practiced etching.

More than a hundred engravers in mezzotint did for the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds what line engravers had done for Raphael.

The Sense of Smell.

That we have not entirely lost the animal basis of judgment, the sense of smell, is proved by the fact we do tell ourselves very much of other people by the nose, often unconsciously. The blind distinguish their friends by the smell of handkerchiefs or coats. Unconscious sensations and, unconscious judgments have their field. We know far more by smell than is supposed. Some classes have apparently become degraded in senses as well as habits, for their basis of social judgment is below that of the animals. Those who have had their senses keenly educated are accustomed to judge of persons by odors. Australian children possess the doglike sense of trailing people by scent, and experiment reveals that this is to some degree present in every one. Strong attachments are not so rigidly ideal as we like to suppose. There is a physical basis to all our likes and dislikes. It is this which underlies the demand of refined people that their friends shall be cleanly.—Open Court.

The Mammoth Cave Rat.

The cavern rat, found in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, is of a soft, bluish color, with white neck and feet. It has enormous eyes, black as night, but quite unprovided with an iris. These eyes are perfectly insensible to light, and when the experiment has been made of catching a cavern rat and turning it loose in bright sunlight it blunders about, striking itself against everything, is unable to provide itself with food and finally falls down and dies. In its native depths, however, it is able to lead a comfortable enough existence, as its enormously long whiskers are so extremely sensitive that they enable it to find its way rapidly through the darkness. The principal food of the cavern rat consists of a kind of large cricket of a pale yellow color and, like most other cave dwellers, itself perfectly blind.

Matrimonial Promotion.

The extent to which the lingo of the navy is used as slang in the families of naval officers, particularly among the women, is instanced by a little story now going the rounds in Washington.

The youngest daughter of a prominent naval officer was entertaining a friend who had called to congratulate the eldest daughter, who lately had become engaged to a captain in the same service as her father. The friend, remarking upon the engagement, suggested that the youngest daughter doubtless would miss her big sister, whereupon the girl addressed quickly replied:

"Oh, dear, yes! But just think of it I am advanced a number!"

Queer Dreams.

A professor of mathematics dreamed that his son was under the radical sign, and he could not get him out.

A Boston drawing teacher had a similar experience. She had been studying perspective one evening, and during the night her sister heard her groping about the room and opening and closing bureau drawers. "What are you hunting for, Mary?" inquired the sister. "Oh, dear," moaned the somnambulist, "I can't find the vanishing point!"—Christian Register.

Hard on the Minister's Wife.

A Scottish minister lately returned home from a long holiday trip on which he had been accompanied by his wife. At a prayer meeting shortly afterward an elder offered up thanks for the minister's safe return, but unfortunately put his foot in it. "O Lord," he said, "we thank thee for bringing our pastor safe home, and his dear wife, too, O Lord, for thou preservest man and beast!"

Horse Racing.

In this world, if you live long enough, you will grow tired of everything—of men and women, of yachts and dinners, of politics and money making—but when the fascination of the race horse gets into the blood it never leaves. It is the greatest sport and the poorest business ever devised by man.—Pierre Lorillard.

A Question of Time.

"Do you take this woman for better or worse"—began the clergyman, but before he could proceed further he was interrupted.

"It's too early to tell yet," answered the groom. "You'll have to give me time, sir."—Boston Post.

There is no law against laughter. You are here on earth and entitled to its sunshine.

EMIL THAMM

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

LYCEUM THEATRE,

Friday, January 22.

GORTON'S FAMOUS ALL WHITE MINSTRELS

JOSEPH GORTON — Founder and Prop.
C. C. PEARL — Manager
O. W. VREELAND — General Agent.

PRESENTING

Entirely New, Costly and Up-to-Date **Features!**

WELBY & PEARL
GORTON & LEE
THE MARVELOUS MARDO BROS.
CRESCENT CITY QUINTETTE
THE WONDERFUL FARON TRIO.
BEN MOREHOUSE. T. McKENNA
H. C. WILSON JERE SANFORD
and 20 others.

MATCHLESS STREET PARADE.

Gorton's Celebrated Band.

DAILY CONCERTS

PRICES 25, 35, 50 and 75

FREE!

We are going to give a fine Morris Chair away to purchasers of our Coffee. This chair cannot be bought at any furniture store for less than $10.00. Come in and ask particulars and get to using the coffee and get this handsome chair free.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ, as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointments.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts

respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne

Smethport - Penn'a.

ATTENTION LADIES!

If you want to save money this is the place to do your purchasing. All Millinery is now going at a great sacrifices.

Excellent grade furs at a very reasonable price.

A few ladies' and children's cloaks left, which will be sold at a great reduction.

Also, have an elegant line of dress skirts and large assortment of flannelette wrappers, underwear, hosiery and other goods at very low prices. New Idea Patterns, 10c.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn — Oats, — Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts, Smethport.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Elwood Gaskin's

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Olean is to have a new opera house in the near future.

—Mrs. Myron H. Walsh died at her home in Eldred on Thursday, Dec. 31.

—J. C. Hamlin has an interesting advertisement to-day concerning cut glass.

—Coudersport's high school pupils are issuing a monthly publication called the High School Yell.

—Alfred Kidder and Geo. Sackett repaired the county bridge at Burbank's crossing Saturday last.

—The general store at Ludlow was destroyed by fire last week and nearly all the stock was burned.

—Fry & Herzog have an interesting advertisement to-day in which some interesting prices are quoted.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has an advertisement of particular interest to ladies in regard to millinery this week.

—Only five members of Coudersport's "Must Marry" club were able to fulfil the agreements of the organization during 1903.

—H. W. Rubin tells you of great reductions in made to order clothing in his advertisement this week. Don't fail to read it.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield gave a rarebit for a number of friends Sunday evening, it being Mr. Redfield's birthday.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a change of advertisement to-day, giving you further information in regard to their clearance sale.

—Engineer Lawrence Hopper of the P., S. & N. railroad was confined to his home in this place by sickness several days this week.

—Edinboro Normal is one of the best equipped schools for teachers in the State. Send for new catalogue. Winter session begins Dec. 28th. John F. Biglor, Prin.

—The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute.

—The B., B. & K. railroad succeeded in running a snow plow over its line last Saturday between Bradford and Smethport and business was resumed Monday. The line from Ormsby to Kane was placed in operation later in the week.

—Miss Christine Rose entertained a party of Smethport young friends last Friday evening. The party drove over and there was a jolly sleighful of them.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The question of gambling was discussed at the Pompelon Club, Bradford, last Friday night. Rev. E. M. Barney told of the demoralizing influences and Robert L. Edgett brought out some points in favor of this game at home for small stakes. Both made some good points in their argument.

—The Potter Enterprise says: A large gas deal was consummated here yesterday, whereby certain members of the Potter Gas company secured possession of the holdings of the Consumers' Gas company, at Card Creek, Roulette and East Hebron, which is a very valuable lot of gas territory. The capital represented in the deal was about $127,000.

—Fred Seger, "our Fritz," of the firm of R. Seger & Son, is enjoying a visit to New York and Philadelphia, when he will look out for all the latest attractions for his customers. "Fritz" now has one of the handsomest stores to be found in any country town and takes pride in giving his customers the best of everything. LATER—"Fritz is back on time for once. He enjoyed his visit.—Emporium Press.

—The editor has been kept quite busy for a week past entertaining at his home a granddaughter, which made its advent on Thursday, Dec. 31st. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wellington of Machias, are receiving the congratulations of their many friends. We publish the above to ease us down should the paper become twisted this week.—Little Valley Hub. The editor mentioned is T. J. Gilbert formerly of Smethport, where he has many friends who extend congratulations to "Grandpa Joe."

—An exchange says: The glass bottle factories in the eastern association, which includes those of Bradford and McKean county, with the exception of the Bond Bottle company at Hazelhurst, will shut down 12 days during this fire at any time they may choose. Those in the western association will close for a month. The Berney glass company of Bradford will have a half holiday each Saturday and what this doesn't cover of the 12 days' shut-down will be observed prior to the end of the fire in June.

Special Homeseekers Excursions.

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Extremely low rates to all points in the west and southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position, and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.

J. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

Republican Borough Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place in Smethport borough on Saturday, January 23, 1904:

2 persons for Councilmen to serve for three years.

1 person for Assessor.

1 person for Auditor.

2 persons for School Directors to serve for three years.

1 person for Judge of Election.

1 person for Inspector of Election.

Polls open from seven o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m.

Persons wishing to have their names on the ballot will hand the committeeman fifty cents 48 hours prior to caucus.

W. A. OSTRANDER, Committeeman.

THE Democratic National Convention will be held in St. Louis on July 6.

CHAS. O. FOSTER, twice Governor of Ohio and Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison, is dead at a well advanced age.

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON died at Miami, Fla., on Saturday. Gen. Gordon was a Confederate soldier and has lectured in this county several times.

MARCUS A. HANNA, the man who ought to be President, has been re-elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by the largest legislative vote ever given a candidate in that State.

CONVICTED of bribery by a jury in the United States Circuit Court, Brooklyn, ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs was on Tuesday sentenced to pay a fine of $10,000 and serve one day in jail. Driggs paid the fine and served his time.

LAST Saturday Maj. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee succeeded Lieut. Gen. S. M. B. Young as chief of staff of the general army, the latter having reached the age limit prescribed by regulations. General Chaffee has risen from the ranks to the head of the army by his admirable soldierly qualities.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1904.

Little is being done in Congress. The House meets daily and passes a few pension bills with a quarter of the members present. The Senate convenes without a quorum by a good deal, and many of the members go to sleep in the cloak room while Senator Morgan of Alabama drones along in what he calls an arraignment of the administration on the Panama canal treaty. The treaty is not publicly before the Senate but the rules of that body permit talk at length on any matter that happens to come into the head of the talker.

Senator Morgan takes radical ground; that there is no republic of Panama; that the whole scheme is a conspiracy for the plunder of Colombia, with which we are at peace; that the French canal company which has lost half a billion of dollars has still vitality enough to make an immense row to our great expense and detriment; that we shall hear in a few days that his prophecy has come true; that Colombia could reclaim its own and "wipe out the adventurers and spoliators, Indians, negroes and Chinamen who now constitute Panama" in about one day without interfering with the traffic on the isthmus if Mr. Roosevelt would keep his hands off, etc.

There is a shadow of support for this in the morning papers, which announce that Colombia has appealed to the French courts for an injunction to prevent the transfer of the Panama Canal Company's rights on the isthmus without the consent of Colombia. The report causes a ruffling of the waters.

Senator Marcus A. Hanna will make a strong speech against the promotion of Gen. Wood to be major general. A good many Republicans will probably vote against confirmation.

Congressman Rider from New York has been politely but forcibly requested by Tammany to resign, so that ex-Senator Charles A. Towne can be sent to Washington in his place. He flatly refuses. Rider doesn't propose to be ridden.

Since Panama has become the centre of international interest it is not amiss to recall the fact that as long ago as 1862 President Lincoln urged a delegation of negroes to found a colony there. He agreed to protect them if they should go to the isthmus and told them they would be free and equal. It seems certain that old Abe would not have hesitated to interfere under present conditions to establish a republic.

The Panama question seems likely to take a rest in Congress. Yesterday was spent in the Senate discussing the resolution for a Congressional committee to investigate postoffice frauds. Democrats insisted that it was necessary because such an investigation cannot properly be entrusted to the department where the fraud existed; Republicans opposed the resolution on the ground that the investigation by the Postoffice Department is very thorough and that congressional investigations seldom result in finding out anything.

Next Tuesday there will be a mass meeting in the interest of peace and arbitration at the Lafayette Theatre in this city. The speakers announced include Andrew Carnegie, Rabbi Hirsch, Cardinal Gibbons, Edward Everett Hale, Governor Durbin of Indiana and the Presidents of Princeton and Columbia.

On Thursday evening there was a great reception to the diplomatic corps at the White House. Columbia was not represented. Three thousand invitations were accepted by the most prominent people in the country and many had to wait in line for an hour.

The return of William Jennings Bryan on the Celtic, and his arrival in New York will be greeted with the uproar of a great reception, "one of the biggest that a civilian has ever received." In return for this he is expected to keep his head under a barrel and keep very small till after the next presidential election.

Your correspondent encountered on a street car yesterday Mr. Henry Gannett who recently returned from taking the census of the Philippines. He says that he succeeded in taking a very complete census, omitting to count only the inaccessible islands populated by barbarians. The Moros were mostly gathered in. He does not affirm that Luzon is an ideal home for Americans, but says he would like to spend his winters there.

What is known as the Northern Railway Merger case is attracting a good deal of attention before the Supreme Court here, the State of Minnesota appearing as plaintiff. The State holds the merger to be contrary to law, a menacing monopoly and dangerous to the proprietary interests of the country.

The Federation of Labor is on hand for the purpose of asking several favors of Congress. The eight-hour bill was lost in the shuffle last year, not so much by the refusal of Congress to act as by the fact that it was amended by the House beyond recognition till Samuel Gompers exclaimed indignantly: "Very well, if that is all that is left of it you may kill it if you want to." Gompers, Mitchell, Nichols and their co-delegates have failed to induce Speaker Cannon to appoint their man, Livernash, on the Labor Committee, and whether Hearst will prove a successful substitute remains to be seen. McComas is still on deck in the Senate Committee and, as he is to be superseded by a Democrat, he may be tolerably independent. There will be a meeting of the committee in a couple of weeks.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

—come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PH. NES. RUBIN BLO K. Smethport.

CASH VS. CREDIT.

LET US HERE COMPARE PRICES.

U Smethport City people R paying $1.50 for your best grade of Flour. This is the price whether U pay cash or get it on time. Our price for best is $1.30 spot cash. Just think 20c difference. Our best is Acme Mills no better made. Northern Light $1.12. Monarch $1.00. This is used for pastry, biscuits, pancakes, etc.

We do not ask you 15c lb. for pork sausage. We sell the best at 12c. Wieners 12c. Best bologny 10c. Best minced ham 14c. Best skinned ham 14c. Cal. ham 10c. Clear pork 10c.

This winter I needed a meat saw, sent to one of the hardwares for same & paid $1.50 for a 20 inch meat saw that they claimed was a $1.75 saw. We now carry the same kind of saws, same size, and we will sell U all you want for 80c & guarantee same.

We offer you a 14 & 16 in. Horse Rasp for 30c, not 75 or 80 & it is warranted.

So is our 8 inch flat saw file for 8c, 6 inch strap hinge 5c pair, not 10c; large hasp & staple 4c.

We offer U our enameled, full size iron beds with springs complete with castors, $4.20 & $4.40. Fancy brass trimmings $6.10 complete with springs. This is a saving of about $2 on each bed. These are cash prices.

The best xlcior mattress, cotton top, full size, $2.50.

Xtra heavy kitchen chairs $3.75 set. 6 best fancy dining chair $5.75, worth $7.00 set anywhere.

Why do I cut prices so? Because I get cash; because I own my store and do not pay high taxes; because I do my own work; because I have no poor worthless bills; because I have my money to use for more goods. R these not good reasons, but the best is I do not feel like robbing my neighbors. 25 per cent. is enough profit for me.

We purchased 6 doz. house brooms in order to get a low price. We sell at 20c each, not 35c.

We have a large quantity of meat platters 7c to $1.40, each All kinds, anything you want.

1,000 Parlor Matches 5c; 12,000 50c.

Mirrors, 10c, 30c & $1.40.

Tubular lantern globes 5c, not 10c.

Waste baskets, fancy, 25, 35 & 45c each.

Clothes baskets (willow) 40, 50 & 60c.

Perforated chair seats, 4, 6 & 8c each.

Long handle manure fork 50c.

Men's heavy mittens 25c. Heavy wool sox 12 & 25c. Heavy wool pants $2.00. Large linen towel 10c, cotton 5c each.

All kinds of ground spices except pepper ¼ lb. 5c.

Men's $2.50 leather boots $1.50, sizes 6 & 7.

Men's fancy watch chains, 5 year guarantee, $1.00 to $3.00 Sleeve buttons 75c to $3.00. Ladies' solid gold chains $3.00 & $4.00 each.

Best Table Oil Cloth 16 & 20c yard.

Plain unruled note paper 10c lb.

5 gal. galv. iron oil can 70c.

1 inch Harness Snaps 3c, 1 ½ inch 5c. 2 inch eockeyes 7c. 1 inch hone straps 12c. Felt back pads 15c.

8 arm folding wall clothes rack 20c, not 50.

We have a large quantity copper nickeled cream pitcher silver lined, worth 75c. We offer you the same for 50c, size one pint, made by Rochester Stamping works & are first class goods.

We have 2 medicine or book cases, price $4.75. We will take $2.00 each for same.

½ length rawhide whips 25c. Leviathan rawhide whips 80c.

We do not charge you 2 prices and then coax U with Trading Stamps to trade with us. The stamp craze is a humbug and U pay dearly for them.

If U R looking for wedding or birthday presents come 2 our store & get your money's worth in fine fancy bisk and china novelties.

A. E. STICKLES,

EAST SMETHPORT Jan. 14, 1903.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

Brasted's For Fresh HOME MADE CANDIES try us.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks. Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit, from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

The Parker Lucky Curve

IS THE BEST FOUNTAIN PEN MADE. CALL AND SEE THEM AND LEARN PRICES AT

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

RED STAMPS

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

RED STAMPS

ALL THIS MONTH.

RE-ORGANIZATION CLEARANCE SALE.

Before Reorganizing this Firm into a Stock Company we wish to reduce our stock $5,000 or more, and in order to do so we cut the prices deep in every department.

CLOAKS AND FURS.

Everything in this department goes at a great sacrifice and they're going fast at the prices we put on them.

Some at about HALF PRICE, others more. If you need a coat or fur, this is your best opportunity to get a good one VERY CHEAP.

DRESS GOODS.

One lot in most all colors Cashmeres, Serges, Granites, etc. Good values at 38c — 22c

One lot Dress Flannels in Red, Grey, Blue and Black. Good values at 60c. Now — 39c

REMNANTS.

A very prosperous season has left us a great many remnants of cotton and wool dress goods in lengths suitable for waists, skirts, children's dresses, etc, which we will close out at greatly reduced prices.

DOMESTICS.

White Shaker Flannel — 4½c
Good Standard Prints — 5c
All linen crash toweling. Regular 10c. Now — 7c

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS.

One lot Ladies' Winter Waists. Good $1.25 values — 75c
Ladies' Eiderdown Dressing Sacques. Reg. $1.00. Now — 59c
Ladies' White Outing Gowns. Regular $1.00. Now — 79c
Flannelette Wrappers. Good assortment of colors and all sizes.
Regular $1.75 ones — $1.19
Regular $1 50 ones — $1.12
Regular $1.00 ones — 79c
Children's Night Gowns. Regular 50c grade. — 38c

GLOVES AND MITTENS.

Ladies' and Children's Black Wool Mittens — 10c
Ladies' and Misses' Golf Gloves in most all colors — 19c

QUILTS AND BLANKETS.

Silkoline Comforters filled with pure white cotton. Were $1.75. Now — $1.48
Good large clean quil. Regular $1.00. Now — 79c
10-4 Cotton Fleece Blankets in white and gray. Regular 75c. Now — 59c
11-4 Heavy Gray Blankets. Regular $1.00. Now — 79c
Fancy Blankets suitable for bath Robes. Good $1 values. Now — 89c
11-4 All Wool White Blankets. Good $6.00 values. Now — $4.59

COTTON BATTING.

Several cases bought before the raise. Regular 7c. Now — 5c.

LACE CURTAINS.

A few specials out of our immense stock.
A special curtain 39c pair.
Regular $1.00 — 79c pr.
Regular $2.48 ones — $1.79 pr.

POLES.

White Enamel, Oak and Cherry Cottage Rods — 7c

CARPETS.

Extra Super Royal Ingrains. Regular 75c. Now — 59c
Pro Brussels in large assortment. Regular 75c. Now — 50c
Cottage Carpet. Reg. 40c. Now — 29c
Heavy Chinese Matting. Regular 30c. Now — 21c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

A broken line of all wool underwear. Values from $1.25 to $2. This sale — 98c
Sanitary Fleece Lined. Regular 50c garments — 38c
All Boys' Underwear at a discount now.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Heavy Fleece Lined White or Cream. Regular 25c garment — 19c
Heavy Fleece Lined White or Cream. Regular 50c garments — 39c
Merode White Wool Mix. Good 85c values — 63c
All Children's Underwear at proportionate discount.

GOODYEAR RUBBER BOOTS.

Short Top Duck Boot. Regular $3.50. Now — $2.89
Short Top Plain Rubber Boots. Regular $3.00. Now — $2.49

SHOES.

208 pairs of Men's Union Made Shoes in Patent, Enamel, Velours, Box Calf and Vici Kid. All the best styles. Not one old pair in the lot. Douglass, Case, Buell and other makes. All sizes.
$4.00 ones. Now — $2.98
$3.50 ones. Now — $2.69
$3.00 ones. Now — $2.29
$2.50 ones. Now — $1.79

Dorris Shoe for Women in Patent, Box Calf and Kid. A good $2.50 shoe that we have always sold at $2.00, now for this sale only — $1.49

—Wm. Monheimer of the "Famous" clothing store has a large advertisement in to-day's MINER that you cannot afford to overlook. Prices are quoted that should sell goods in short order. If you are in need of clothing of any kind be sure to read Monheimer's big ad. Suits and overcoats will be sold at startlingly low prices during this sale.

—The Bradford Era entered upon its 27th 'milestone' to-day. The Era is a clean and attractive paper and always furnishes the news. During its life this paper has taken rapid strides and to-day is recognized as one of the best dailies in this section. The MINER extends congratulations to the Era and hopes for its continued success.

—The "Trip to the Jungle" colored comedy company which makes Smethport its headquarters played to a crowded house at Hazelhurst Tuesday evening. The company has been reinforced by several clever artists and the entertainment gave general satisfaction. The Smethport Lyceum orchestra furnished music for the performance and after dance. The company expects to exhibit in Smethport sometime during this month.

—According to a decision of the committee on the matter appointed in the Bradford councils, Mayor Geo. H. Potter will be demanded to dismiss Officer Elmer E. Hart from the police force of that city. The report will be presented next Monday night. It is alleged that Officer Hart arrested and brutally assaulted James Miskell on the morning of Dec. 1, 1903, without sufficient provocation. The details of the matter are well known to MINER readers.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

January Mill-End Sale

is now in full swing. It is a decided success—the large attendance has proven that. No better values have been offered in a dry goods store as this sale presents.

So you know what a "mill end" is? It's a mill's remnants of 1 to 10 to 15 yds, which are sacrificed by them under real values. They represent the coming season's styles and this you get

A large variety of style.
Goods easily matched.
At 40 per cent less in price.

When you come to Bradford you should make The Fair your objective point. You won't have to go any further to get the best at the best price. Mill-Ends is a new thing in the education of modern business women.

COATS AND FURS

These goods are now being sold at the lowest figure we can put on them this season—about one-half.

Some good styles yet left —They go with the rest.

The Fair,

22 Main Street,

R. Rosenberg, - Bradford, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

==CLEARING SALE==

"MONARCH" SHIRTS DOLLAR GRADE — 68c

"MONARCH" SHIRTS DOLLAR FIFTY GRADE — 98c

We offer this week two very exceptional bargains in colored laundried bosom shirts. It's a case of clearing up the broken assortments before stock taking, and no thought is given to cost or selling prices. All sizes from 14 to 17 are in the lot, although there is not a complete sizing in any one pattern. There's a big variety of patterns to start with. Come early as these prices will bring hearty response from all who are acquainted with the perfect fit and durability of this make of shirts.

Outing Night Shirts Dollar Quality — 75c

Outing Night Shirts Half Dollar Quality — 38c

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE

To ever again secure at the extremely low prices we are now offering that Robe or Horse Blanket, you have been thinking so long about. We are manufacturer's agent for the celebrated NORTHERN OHIO BLANKET MILLS and probably handle more Robes and Blankets than any other house in the county.

We still have a great many left which we do not wish to carry over the summer season. To reduce our stock before taking Inventory, we will inaugurate a Blanket Sale, the like of which you have never before seen in Smethport, and will close them out regardless of cost.

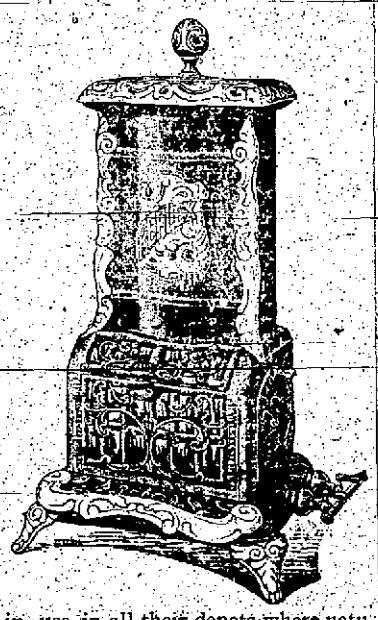
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS

this great opportunity of supplying your horse with a good warm sheet or stable Blanket and a fine and dandy Robe for yourself at this sale.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Red Stamps — **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** — Red Stamps

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—DuBois has a case of smallpox.

—Born, on Sunday Jan. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasse, a daughter.

—A number of new books have been added to the Smethport school library.

—Mrs. M. M. Gillette entertained a number of ladies last Saturday afternoon at cards.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer and the Misses King entertained a party of ladies yesterday afternoon.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—C. L. Willey of King street has been ill since Tuesday and it is feared is suffering with appendicitis.

—Do not fail to read the advertisement of that popular Bradford store, The Fair, in to-day's issue.

—Anderson & Carlson have something to tell you about footwear in their ad this week. Don't fail to read it.

—Your attention is directed to the seasonable advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan in to-day's issue.

—Commencing this morning all trains on the Kushequa Route will leave the Smethport station 5 minutes earlier than heretofore.

—Old Man Racket has an ad to-day written in his usual happy style and quoting some wonderfully low prices on first class goods.

—According to the Corry Leader, Rolling Thunder and a band of patent medicine Indians are giving free shows in a church at Elgin, Pa.

—Some excitable person turned in a false alarm of fire early Monday evening and the firemen had a run through the snow drifts for nothing.

—The Leap Year dance, which was to have been given by the young ladies at the Lyceum last night, was called off on account of the sudden death of Miss Bard.

—The smallpox epidemic at West Salamanca is assuming a serious aspect. Fifty-four cases of the disease are said to exist in that place. Some alarm is felt that the contagion may make its appearance in Bradford because of the nearness of the afflicted point to this city.—Bradford Era.

—We learn through the Kane Leader that a plate glass factory is to be located near Kane. Building operations will commence in the early spring.

—Mrs. Mary Hussey entertained the Smethport Knights of Columbus at an elegant dinner Sunday last, the occasion being in honor of the birthday of her brother, T. F. Hungiville.

—Ed. C. Tanner of Eldred and Miss Stella Curtis of Rew City were married last week in Olean. They have taken up residence in the Ogilvie house on King street.—Eldred Eagle.

—Miss Ruth Cleveland, eldest daughter of former President Grover Cleveland, died at the home of her parents in Princeton, N. J., on Thursday last. The cause of her death was diphtheria.

—Mr. Andrew J. Walker of East Smethport and Miss Millie A. Smallwyck of Keating township were married at the home of Mr. Samuel Southwick by Rev. J. H. McCandless on Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1903.

—"Habakkuk the Skeptic, or Religious Doubt and its Healing," is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "Daybreak in Darkest Africa" will be illustrated by stereopticon views in the evening.

—Important deposits of clay have been discovered along the line of the Shawmut railroad. Experimental work is being done with this material at the State School of Ceramics at Alfred University with a view to establishing clay working plants.

—General surprise was occasioned yesterday by the announcement that J. W. Voorhees, proprietor of the Palace Pharmacy, had gone into bankruptcy. The store is now closed pending a settlement. It is said Mr. Voorhees' liabilities amount to about $7,000.

—"Ike" Simons of Bradford proposes to reduce his $60,000 stock of men's clothing, furnishings, etc., one-half and quotes some prices in his big advertisement to-day which should soon sell $30,000 worth of clothing. Don't fail to read the advertisement.

—Corry is bound to keep before the public. A man who was quarantined at the pest house for smallpox got dry and came into the town for a drink of whiskey. The Leader opines that if the inmates of the pest house persist in such actions it may be necessary to place a man in that neighborhood to watch them.

—P. T. Barnum once said: "If you have $10 to put to use, pay $10 for the article and $9 for the advertising. I can't out talk any man but a printer. The man who can stick type and the next morning talk to a thousand men, while I am talking to one, is the man I am afraid of and I want to be his friend."

—Horace Hay claims to have made the remarkable score of 1,492 pins in a game of ten pins at J. C. Backus' alleys one evening last week. As the world's record for five-men teams is 1,16[illegible] Horace's performance may seem [illegible] startling to people who do not know him. Perhaps the Coudersport Comprise's bowlers, whose specialties are "Brooklyn" splits, can beat Mr. Hay's record.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday the twenty-ninth day of January, 1904, by T. H. Quinn, M. F. Quinn, F. S. Sherman, W. H. Ringrose and O. S. Lasch, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called CLERMONT SEWER PIPE COMPANY, the character and object whereof is manufacturing and refining clays, shale and silica rock and the manufacture and marketing of sewer pipe, tile, brick and other products for which clay, shales and silica rock can be used, and the names to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

JOHN G. WHITMORE, Solicitor.

January 2, 1904.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration c. t. a. on the estate of J. J. Hughes, late of Annin township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to John C. Brown, residing in Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Administrator c. t. a.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. — Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, — BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

A MADE TO ORDER ITEM

By ....
MARY F. K. HUTCHINSON

Copyright, 1898, by T. C. McClure

Penelope, having instructed the maid to say she was not at home, stood behind the lace curtains to watch the departure of Jack Hale.

"Now, Penelope," began her brother Clarence, who caught her in the act, "I want to know what this means."

"What what means?" asked Penelope, flushing and striving to gain time.

"What what means?" grunted he in scorn. "Pen, will you never learn it's useless to fudge with a newspaper man? I want to know why you are treating Hale in this fashion. He's been in the dumps since he took you to the Commercial club musicale. He's doing poor work, and the managing editor called him down today before the whole gang. If he's discharged he'll spoil his chances for a position on that New York paper. You've had an attack of the indigoes yourself and refuse to see him when he calls. Naturally I want to know what's the matter, for I don't mind telling you I'd rather have Jack Hale for a brother than any man I know."

"Why don't you adopt him, then?" asked Penelope disconcertedly.

"Well, we'll try cross examination," remarked he. "Pen, do you hate Jack Hale?"

"No," decidedly.

"Do you really dislike him?"

"No-o," more slowly.

"Didn't you really and truly care a great deal for him up to the date of that musicale?"

"I won't answer any more of your questions," snapped Penelope as she started to leave the room.

"Highty highty! Not so fast," said he. "Remember, Pen, I'm not only your brother, but your guardian, and, while I take the place of parents and brother, too, I must use my own way of striving for your happiness. I can't let my dearest chum and my little housekeeper both eat their hearts out without trying to remedy the matter. Now, little girl, let's have the whole story."

"And you won't tell a word?" came the smothered question from his shoulder.

"Never a word."

"Well, then, if you must know the whole story, nothing happened at the musicale. But the next day Aunt Maria came to spend the day."

"And a day in her company is as a thousand," supplemented Bradford.

"And she said she felt it her duty to her dead brother's child to tell me how people were talking about me behind my back. She said I had encouraged Jack long enough and that if he hadn't proposed by this time he never would. He would pay no attention till he got that position in New York, and then he'd find another girl there and forget me. I told her he was nothing but one of your friends; that I never intended to marry, but should always keep house for you."

"Then you proceeded to shut Jack out because he hadn't lived down to Aunt Maria's level of marrying in haste. Jack Hale is the soul of honor. If he hasn't asked you to marry him it's because he wants to wait till he has a better salary than he gets on the Times. I'll see if I can show him the error of his ways."

"Clarence," cried Penelope, pushing him from her, "you promised you'd never mention a word!"

"So I did," groaned he. "Well, Pen, I'll keep my word, but I want you to forget Aunt Maria and her views. I'm going to ask Jack to dinner tomorrow night, and I want you to wear your prettiest gown, smile your sweetest and take him back into favor again. That won't be a hard thing to do for my sake, will it, dear?" in his most wheedling tone.

"You old tormentl" cried Penelope as she gave him a parting hug. Reaching the door, she called back, "I might possibly do it for his sake," after which piece of daring she hurried back to see why dinner wasn't announced.

"I surmised as much," Bradford told himself, "and, though I'd scorn to break a promise, Jack Hale will get a pretty broad hint of what I consider his duty."

Hale pleaded an evening assignment the next afternoon, but Bradford wouldn't take "No" for an answer. "I know well enough what that assignment is," he responded, "and you can get the story just as well in the morning. You're looking fagged out, Hale, and need a rest. Break away from your work early this afternoon and go up and take Penelope for a drive. The horse has been stabled for more than a week because Pen has had a bad cold. I'll be home in time for dinner, but shall put the whole evening in at the board of aldermen's meeting, so I'm glad you can amuse the child. She's in need of amusement after being cooped up for a whole week."

"Why didn't you tell me"— began Hale. But Bradford was gone. Though he could lie beautifully, he could not stand cross examination.

As Jack and Penelope returned from their drive, both in the best of spirits after their spin through the frosty air, Bradford preceded them up the steps. While all three removed their wraps in the hall he pulled a notebook from his pocket and tossed it across to Hale, remarking, "Say, old man, I found your notebook after you left the office."

"Much obliged," answered Hale as he attempted to catch the book, which missed his hand and fell at Penelope's feet. Picking it up quickly, she exclaimed: "Now, I wonder what the very latest sensation is? I do so like to keep up with the times." And she proceeded to flutter the leaves of the book past the canceled items toward the last written pages.

"Penelope, that's a pun, and if I wasn't in a hurry to dress I'd see that you were properly punished for it," called her brother, disappearing up stairs with suspicious haste.

Jack looked over Penelope's shoulder as he answered, "Don't believe there's a thing that hasn't been printed, I"—

"Oh, yes, there is," said Penelope. "Here's your very last item." And she paused to read, while Hale exclaimed: "That isn't my writing! Oh, Lord!" in a tragic groan.

For this is the item both read:

"Engagement announced this week—Miss Penelope Bradford, dau. of late Hon. Harrison B.—late pres. Nat. Bank, this city. Mr. John Whitrop Hale—rising young jour.—pop. member Commercial Club—grad. of Harv.—star run on football team—congrat. of hosts of friends, etc."

"Why what does it mean?" gasped Penelope, turning red and white by turns.

"Mean?" echoed Hale in desperation. "It means that one of those confounded Klods at the office has been trying to get funny. It means—oh, Penelope, darling," with a complete change of tone, "can't you make it mean something? Don't run away, dear," as he caught both her hands. "Let me finish now I've started. I've loved you so long that you must surely have guessed that much, and I've only waited to have something worth offering before asking you to become my wife. A man ought not to tie a girl down to any such bread and butter existence as I can offer while I'm on the Times. I wouldn't have spoken if this hadn't happened till I had more. But I'll promise to wait patiently, dearest, if you'll only make this item true."

The item appeared on the society page of the Sambrook Times the following Saturday, and Bradford chuckled as he read it.

"Now, that's what I call a made to order item."

While being blessed with his share of newspaper instinct, never tried to find out which of the confounded idiots at the office dared to tamper with his notebook.

Writing a Book.

"I would like," said the youth, "to write a great book. How shall I go about it?"

"Don't, I beg of you!" said the novelist. "Write one that pays, as I do, or else—study law."

"I do not care to write a book for the sake of the pay," said the youth. He was very young and must be forgiven for this. "Perhaps, after all, I had better be a lawyer."

So he became a lawyer, but the old ambition to write a great book came over him again.

"Anything but that," said a friend to whom he told his wish. "If you don't like the law, be a doctor."

So he studied medicine.

In time, however, this palled upon him. He still thought of that book. He felt that he had a mission.

"You could do so much more in the pulpit," said another.

So he preached until the hollowness of it came over him.

And he left the pulpit.

One day he woke up and found that the great book was written. And he laughed at the thought.

"It was not I. It was the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman and the other man who did it."—Smart Set.

An Insulted Scotchman.

The following story heard at Killarney shows how differently an Irishman and a Scotchman will take a joke. An Englishman who had been fishing in the lower lakes said to his boatman: "An extraordinary thing happened to me some time ago. I lost a pair of scissors out of my fishing book at the end of the lake. The next year I was fishing here again and hooked and killed a very large pike. I felt something very hard inside him, so I opened him, and what do you think it was?" "Begorra, your honor, I'd think it might be your scissors only for one thing." "What is that?" asked the other. "It's only just this, your honor, that there never was a pike in any of the Killarney lakes since the world began."

Afterward the same Englishman tried the same story on a gillie in Scotland. When he asked him, "What do you think was inside the pike?" the gillie replied: "Your scissors and fine guts, and the Duke of Argyll—and he's a far greater man than the King—would not have insulted me so. I'll fish nae mare wi' ye." And off he walked.—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Loaded With Money.

Sir Samuel Baker once had a thrilling adventure with an African buffalo bull which he discovered standing in the shallows of a small lake. He fired two bullets without effect, and the animal charged. Sir Samuel had no ammunition left, but, luckily, the bull halted to stare at him. "Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind," says Baker. "Without taking my eye off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder into the right hand barrel, and, tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, 3 shillings in sixpences and 2 anna pieces. Making them into a ramrod with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel. They were hardly home before the bull sprang forward. The horns were lowered, with their points on either side of me and the muzzle barely touching his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and 3 shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge."

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

EAT WHILE THEY MOVE.

Chef Tells of a Peculiarity of Patrons of Dining Cars.

The chef on one of the Pennsylvania limiting cars was particularly talkative the other day. The train was waiting for its Philadelphia passengers, and every table in the diner was occupied. The second call of Baltimore passengers were standing around the aisles waiting for vacant places. There was no little amount of dissension among those whose appetites had not yet been appeased. The diners seemed to be eating in a most leisurely fashion, with no apparent concern for those who were less fortunate.

"It's always the way," said the dark complexioned cook, glancing through the car. "When the train is running along those people will eat about twice as fast as they do ordinarily. But when she comes to a stop they start to talk and hardly touch a bite. It's the motion of the moving train that does it. Now, you just watch them and see if I'm not right."

Just then the train pulled out, and the observer saw a sight which firmly convinced him that his informant had spoken truthfully. Plates, knives and forks began to rattle industriously. Every one began to eat as if his life depended upon the next mouthful.

"Didn't I tell you so?" called out the grinning philosopher.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS.

A Subject About Which We Know Absolutely Nothing.

Upon the question whether life bearing planets can exist in other solar systems than our own the answer of science is clear and distinct. It is precisely the same which Professor Newcomb gave concerning the possible inhabitants of Mars: "The reader knows just as much of the subject as I do, and that is nothing at all." Within our solar system we can indeed form some crude estimate of probabilities; beyond it, nothing. All the amazing progress of modern science, all the revelations made by the spectroscope or by photography, all the advance in biology, have not brought us one step nearer an answer to the question, "Is this The only inhabited world?" We stand essentially where Whewell and Brewster did in the middle of the nineteenth century, or we might indeed say where Galileo and Capoano were 300 years ago. We can indeed spin out the discussion at greater length than our predecessors and can introduce a far larger number of more or less irrelevant facts, but of serious argument, either for or against, we are entirely destitute.—Professor Maunder in Knowledge.

A SEA GIRT TOMB.

Francois Rene Was Buried on a Rock in the Atlantic.

Francois Rene, vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town would grant him as the west point of the rock of Grand Bey a space sufficient for his burial. This island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French literateur was brought at his death.

A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand bay, each person being requested to take some floral tribute.

After solemn mass in the cathedral a procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French academy, crossed the sands and mounted the rocky slopes, and with the sound of music and the firing of salutes the funeral homage was made. Poems composed for the occasion were recited, an oration was pronounced by M. le Vicomte de Vogue, and at night the Grand bay displayed green funeral lights.

Mourning In Korea.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only. Secondary mourning is worn for a mother and no mourning at all for a wife. The hat is of wicker. During the China-Japanese war the United States minister ordered every American citizen to have in readiness a dress of this sort for disguise in case of flight.

His Standard of Measurement.

"I thought you claimed this was a good restaurant," he grumbled as they passed from the room of the big dry goods store.

"Well, isn't it?"

"Bah! I know of a place over on Madison street where you can get three times as much as we've had for a quarter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not a Bit Accommodating.

"Meanest folks I ever saw in the city," growled the man from the way-back district. "Why, when you find a feller goin' right your way with one o' them big cars he won't give you a lift without chargin' you a nickel for it."—Exchange.

Theory and Practice.

Professor of Rhetoric.—Here is an item of news I would like in the paper.

City Editor (to office boy)—Here, Bennie, rewrite this. Fix it up to print.—Cleveland Leader.

Where She Failed.

Maybell—Can you keep a secret?

Elizabeth—Yes, easily.—But I can't help any one else keep ones.—Judge.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

The Revolutionary Hero Was a Soldier Even as a Boy.

Wayne was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution. He served throughout the war, most of the time with the rank of general. What he was as a boy will interest readers, and this they may learn from his biography, written by Mr. John R. Spear.

When he was about fifteen years old Wayne was attending a school taught by his uncle, Gilbert (or Gabriel) Wayne, and this uncle, exasperated at the boy's conduct, wrote the following letter to Anthony's father, Isaac Wayne:

"I really expect that parental affection blinds you and that you have mistaken your son's quickly. What he may be best qualified for I know not. One thing I am certain of—he will never make a scholar. He may perhaps make a soldier. He has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc.

"They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and harlequins than of students—this one, decorated with a cap of many colors, others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads and black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games of amusement, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc.

"I must be candid with you, Brother Isaac. Unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

BEFORE THE BREAK.

When Patience Is Hard For the Strenuous, Energetic Mortal.

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and failing health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment, which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning. It comes to the high spirited, strenuous man when he feels the hand of age on him or that premonition of death which the human body in some hidden way can give to its owner. A man whose soul is centered on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of fiery energy whose days have been spent in conflicts may redouble his efforts at the prospect of their cessation and show an almost hysterical vitality in his closing years. It is a commonplace of literature. The men of the greatest power have the least toleration for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense of the smallness of their doings and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam," which was one of the last utterances of Rhodes ("So little done, so much to do") is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea or to walk a little farther on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best.—Spectator.

Catching a Tartar.

The trite phrase "catching a Tartar" is thus traced to its origin in an old cyclopedia:

"In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, 'Captain, hallioo, there! I've caught a Tartar!' 'Fetch him along, then,' said the captain. 'Aye, but he won't let me!' replied the man.' The fact was that the Tartar had caught him."

Grose gives practically the same story in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," 1785, but credits the misadventure to an Irish soldier of the Imperial Austrian service in a battle against the Turks. The closing scene he varies thus:

"Bring him along," said his comrade. "He won't come," said Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied the other. "Arrah," said he, "but he won't let me!"

Struggle and Strength.

Strength comes only through struggle—through struggle and earnest work—never through a frantic beating against the bars nor through self pity. Ill health is a prison of your own building, a prison wherein you are locked by your own thoughtlessness and lack of self control. Circumstances have something to do with it, and you may have inherited a tendency toward disease. In that case circumstances must be altered and inherited weakness outgrown. Both can be done. Earnest thinking and thoughtful work will move mountains.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Sleep Destroyer.

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."—Schoolmaster.

Diplomatic Dick.

Bob—Are you fond of reading, Dick?

Dick—No, I hate it; that's the reason I pretend to like it. If my mother thought I didn't like to read she'd keep me at it all the time.—Boston Transcript.

Matrimonial.

There is no doubt that the woman who loves you forgives you too much, while the woman whom you love forgives you too little.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A man in earnest finds means or, if he cannot find, creates them.—Channing.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribnne one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bolton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Welch, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagburg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. R. Redfield, J. H. Rowley, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Rumer.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constables—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—F. H. Burlingame, I. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 353, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. RUNCHKOR, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKenn Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. F. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PELRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Buckus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Mrs. Martha E. Hawker, Pres't.
Mrs. Mary E. Richmond, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Garnold H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday 11 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 20, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:36 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:33 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:15 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:38 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 10:13 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:45 a. m., Washington 8:50 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:40 p. m.—Train 07, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
0 05	Ridgway	12 01
0 10	Johnsonburg	11 42
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 27	Smith's Run	11 09
10 31	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:05 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address D. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

N. B. CAMPBELL,
General Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule

Effective Sept. 24, 1900.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
1 30	8 10	lv.	Mt. Jewett	ar	8 05	12 00
1 50	8 30		Pt. Pleasant		7 45	11 40
2 06	8 46		Hazelhurst		7 30	11 25
2 18	8 57		Marvindale		7 20	11 14
2 27	9 06		Kinsua		7 12	11 04
2 35	9 14		Gates		7 04	10 56
2 45	9 25		Smethport		6 55	10 45
p.m.	p.m.				a.m.	a.m.
5 54	12 30	9 14	Smethport		6 55	11 30
6 06	12 42	9 26	Mt. Jewett		6 43	11 18
6 20	12 56	9 40	Parkers Valley		6 28	11 03
6 31	1 06	9 51	Garrytide		6 18	10 53
6 40	1 15	10 00	Larabee		6 10	10 45

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

W. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
W. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.55	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.40	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.25	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.03
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.22	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsport	0	3.26	0.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp Ar	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar Dp	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.11	6.04	1.37
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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HER RIVAL IN MARBLE

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"I know I'd oughtn't to mind it," whispered Lucinda repentantly to herself as she pushed another pie into the oven. "John, an' me done been married six months now, an' 'cept for one thing I ain't got a sorrer."

She shut the door resolutely on the pie, as though to inclose her secret care in the oven, also, and then went deftly around the sunny kitchen putting housewifely touches here and there.

No prettier girl than Lucinda was ever born in quiet Rifle Greenville. She was so pretty indeed, that when John Logan, a widower of thirty-eight, married her and bore her away to his home in a Georgia village there were many to predict that Lucinda would spend most of her time "primping."

But no girl was ever more anxious to win her husband's praise, and it was the qualifications attending that praise that troubled her sorely.

Out in the dahlia Lafayette cemetery slept all that was left of Martha

Baby on "you."

Logan, his first wife. Her tombstone was almost a monument. Clearly cut on its cold surface was the following epitaph:

To the Memory of
MARTHA LOGAN,
In Remembrance of Her Unexampled Virtues as a Wife.

Merely the words "virtues" was a crown of praise indeed. But "unexampled" before it gave crushing weight to John Logan's constant recital of his dead partner's perfections.

No matter how flaky Lucinda's pies and biscuit, the utmost she could win from John was a gentle

"Nearly as good as Martha's, dear, jest keep on—you'll get there."

Once when Lucinda, provoked over some little thing, raised her sweet voice a trifle shrilly John said slowly:

"Martha used to get fretted sometimes, I guess, but she had a motto she kept pasted up on the wall. Took it from a play actor's book, but 'twas good. Ran about like this: 'Her voice was low and soft; a'ther an excellent thing in woman.'"

And Lucinda had blushed scarlet and lowered hers. A hatred which she felt to be impossibly wicked swelled at last in the girl's heart. Often when she passed the cemetery on her way from the village store she felt an urgent desire to go in and defy the sleeper with scornful words.

She put away the thought again and again, but at last it overcame her. One musky summer evening John not being due till late, she found herself standing beside Martha's stately tomb in the cold moonlight.

"I hate you!" she cried. "I hate you—you detestable woman!"

The sound of her voice echoed through the pale little congregation of the dead and terrified her, but she rallied.

"Yes, I mean it! I want you to hear! I don't believe you are in heaven. You're under that stone, putting ideas in John's head every day!"

"Ahem," said a voice dryly.

"Why, Uncle Lemuel!" gasped Lucinda, recognizing a village patriarch universally called by that name. "Was you listening?"

"Don't have to do much listenin' when folks is shoutin' like you was," returned Uncle Lemuel, still more dryly.

Lucinda hung her pretty head, then burst into a flood of tears.

"She takes it all—all!" she wailed. "No matter how patient I am, I ain't as patient as she was nor so low-spirited nor such a poor cook."

Uncle Lemuel seated himself on a convenient corner of the tombstone.

"S-h-a-r-r so?" he remarked, with a curious inflection in his voice. "Wal, kin tell you somethin' of her cook—"

Lucinda sat upright, with blazing eyes.

"No one," she cried, beside herself, as she to hear Martha's praises even now,

"Her cakes," went on Uncle Lemuel, unroubled, "would have made ex'lent military fort'fications; her pie crust uz a cross between injer rubber an' tue, an' fer her biscuits"— He paused d shuddered.

"Un-cle Lem-uel," stammered Lucin "d'you know what you're sayin'?"

"Reckon so," returned Lemuel calm- ly. "I boarded with Marthy an' John a month. Took myself off arter that. She scolded from mornin' to night. She pecked on John till er he hadn't been the kindest hearted feller in the world he'd 'a' beat her. 'Unexampled virtues,' indeed!" chuckled the old man.

"But why, then—why," gasped Lucinda, now on her feet and pointing tragically to the elegant inscription—"why did he have that dedication wrote there?"

The old man chuckled again.

"He done the whole thing on your account."

"On mine—on mine?"

"Jest so. He come to me an' he says, 'Uncle,' he says, 'I'm goin' to marry the prettiest girl in the world an' if so be she don't make a good wife 'twill break my heart. I said 'twake for weeks, God knows,' he says, 'thinkin' how to guide her right. I kain't hector a woman. An' so,' he says, 'I'm goin' to let Marthy do me one good turn. I'm goin' to let her be a shinin' ensample of the way Lucinda shall walk.'"

"And she really"—

"Was the orriulest cross a man ever stood. Since you kent his house you've made it like heaven to him. He tells me so every day. But it's time you should know the truth, Lucinda. I see you're gettin' kinder angry at the trick, Lucinda, specially as you never did need no such guidance. But, if you'd 'a' known his former sperjences, Lord—Lord!"

Uncle Lemuel broke into a fit of laughter that rang scandalously clear through the graveyard. After a short pause Lucinda, among whose rare gifts was a sense of humor, joined him.

It was 9 o'clock before John Logan came home. As he sat down to the daintiest of suppers and fell to, Lucinda, sitting opposite with dancing eyes and rose-pink cheeks, asked smilingly:

"How's your coffee, John?"

"Best I"— he began. Then, true to his formula, he said kindly, "Nigh as good as Marthy's used to be."

"John," said Lucinda, with a sudden gravity, yet belied by her still dancing eyes, "John, I've sad news for you." Then, as he held his cup in midair, she added mournfully, "Martha is dead."

The coffee cup went crashing on the floor as cloth sprang up.

"Dead! What do you mean, Lucinda? You know she's been dead five years."

Lucinda smiled serenely.

"No, she hasn't, John, but she died this evening—there in the church—at 7 o'clock."

The Hero.

He was a thoughtful citizen and kindly withal.

The building upon which his eyes were fastened was in flames.

From a third story window protruded a head.

It was a dishevele head bearing a child's golden curls.

At home a little golden haired girl was awaiting him.

What if that were his own?

The impulse to tear his coat from his manly form and rush up the ladder to seize the child and bear her to safety was strong upon him.

How strong nobody but himself knew.

For another feeling had come over him.

He thought: "Suppose I should rush up to that window and save that child. The papers would be full of it. I should become a hero. Some fireman would thus be cheated out of his just meed of praise. Whatever I am I am not selfish and greedy. Let the other man have the glory. I shall sacrifice my personal interests and remain a humble citizen."

Saying which wise and courageous things within himself, he stood without moving a muscle while a large and brawny fireman carried the little girl down a ladder and placed her in the arms of her frantic mother.

Moral—True heroism often exists in men who are too modest to let the public even suspect it.—Baltimore American.

Two Ways of Seeing a Picture.

An artist had sold a picture for an exorbitant price, and the purchaser sued to recover. The barrister for the purchaser was making the artist uncomfortable by his questions.

"Now, sir," he said in that pleasant, ingratiating manner of lawyers with a witness, "do you think anybody could see beauty in that picture?"

"Some persons certainly could," replied the artist.

"You think the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in understanding your work?"

"I am sure they would not."

"Do you think you could make me see any beauty in that picture?" this most supercilliously.

"Probably not now, sir," and the artist was most humble, "but once I could have done so easily."

"Now, sir, how is that? I don't understand you. Explain if you please."

"That's quite easy, sir. I could have done it simply by employing you as my counsel in this case."—London Tit-Bits.

A Manless Island Colony.

On a small island in the Greek archipelago there is a colony which is composed entirely of women. It is a sort of religious order which considers it a disgrace for one of its members to even look at a man. So when a fisherman approaches the island the women pull the gray cowls of their cassocks over their heads and turn their backs. Provisions are never imported, as the women raise their own products, being strict vegetarians. Only the matron, who is annually elected head of the colony, is ever allowed to leave the island. The others remain on the island all their lives, taking their turn at tilling the soil, washing, housekeeping and fishing.

CROCODILE TEARS.

The Legend That the Brute Shed Them Over Its Prey.

There was an old story, to which we find constant reference in Elizabethan writers, that crocodiles wept over their prey. No doubt the legend arose because the crocodile possesses largely developed lachrymal glands, but it appears in various amusing forms.

As early as the fourteenth century in Mandeville's Travels," we find: "In that contre ben great plentee of Cokadrilles. These serpentes slen men, and thei eten hem weyngne."

An odd turn is given to the tale by the narrator of one of Sir John Hawkins' voyages. Whether he was a married man or not we do not know, but he writes: "His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatched at them." And thereupon came this proverb, that is applied unto women when they weep, Lachrymæ crocodili, the meaning whereof is that as the crocodile when he creth goeth them about most to deceive, so doth a woman, most commonly when she weepeth."

In Fuller's "Worthies" there is the added information that "the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where saffron groweth." Shakespeare, Spenser and Dryden allude to this old world fancy.

The Mayor Wanted to Know.

In a provincial town a man who was injured in a serious case of assault was driven to the hospital on a brewer's dray, and the shaking he received in transit considerably retarded his recovery.

"Why wasn't the police station ambulance there to remove him?" demanded the mayor, who was chairman of the justices.

"It was in use at the time, sir," answered the chief constable, with a visible embarrassment.

"It generally is when most needed," sarcastically commented the mayor. "In what way were you using it on this particular occasion? Don't evade the question, sir—I demand an answer."

"Very well, sir, as you insist, I will tell you," replied the chief constable. "It was carrying back the gold and silver plate your wife borrowed for the mayoral banquet."

Then the mayor grew crimson and fiercely ordered to clear the court. "If any one of that speckless tittering is heard."—Tit-Bits Weekly.

A Leading Question.

A certain judge, living in the upper part of New York, while trying a case burdened with pain and displeasure to the testimony of a colored woman who was describing how she had whipped one of her offspring. She enlarged on the harrowing details until the judge stopped her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were cruel enough to punish your son like that?" he demanded.

"Oh, co'se I did, yoh honoh," she replied.

"How dare you be so brutal?"

The colored woman looked at him in fine contempt for a moment, then asked slowly:

"Look a-heah, judge, was yoh eber de father ob a wuthless mulatter boy?"

The judge almost fell from the bench.

"Ef yoh ain't," continued the negress, "den yoh don't know nuffin' about de case!"—Harper's Weekly.

Bridal Shirts.

The Scandinavian bridegroom presents to his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts. She in turn gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he invariably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he puts it away, and in no circumstance would he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe and pray in the resurrection of the flesh, but in the veritable resurrection of the bethrothal shirts of such husbands as have never broken their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy on the eve of his second marriage the bridal shirt which his first wife gave him.

Queer Salutations.

The Abyssinians drop on their knees and kiss the earth when they meet. In saluting a woman the Mandinkas take her hand, put it to their nose and smell it twice. The Egyptians stretch out one hand, then lay it on their breast and bow the head. Among the less civilized tribes of the old world, say the Kalmucks and in Polynesia, the custom of rubbing noses is pretty general. Perhaps the most extraordinary form of salutation is to be found in Tibet, where the natives put out their tongues, gnash their teeth and scratch their ears.

One More Brute.

Mrs. Nubbins—My husband is a perfect brute.

Friend—You amaze me.

Mrs. Nubbins—Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but putting his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.—New York Weekly.

Simply Gets It Charged.

Mrs. Benham—I suppose you think I have a good deal of curiosity.

Benham—Well, when you want a new hat you never seem to have any curiosity to know whether I can afford it or not.—Brooklyn Life.

A Deep One.

Doting Mother—Tell me, professor, is my son a deep student?—

Professor (dryly)—None deeper, ma'am. He's always at the bottom.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

ABBY'S FAILURES

By HARRIET WHITNEY

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Abby sat rocking by the south window, listening resignedly to her mother's lamentations and reproaches. She had assumed about as awkward and uncomfortable a position as she could well have invented, with one foot drawn up and her hands clasped around her knee.

The old rocker lurched and grumbled querulously. Her best blue lawn dress was rumpled and crumpled. Her hat slips and the summer breeze had conspired to muss her hair and make it untidy. It straggled indecorously behind her ears and at the nape of her neck.

"Another unsuccessful quest," said Roger Sterling to himself, with a satirical smile. From his cool library across the hall he could see Abby with the strong light falling in over her at the worst possible angle. He could also hear most of Mrs. Gardener's remarks, for, as that matter of fact matron said, she was so used to her literary boarder she didn't mind him about the house any more than a cat.

"Nobody'd expect you'd get a position that took any kind of brains like Trix's and Mab's," Mrs. Gardener's energetic voice proclaimed; "but a little old district school like that! I don't hardly see how you could have helped getting it if you tried to."

"My dates go wrong," confessed Abby meekly. "The committee said that, according to my information, the Declaration of Independence must have been signed several years before America was discovered."

"Well, 'tain't any use to say anything more. If a body ain't got a brain you can't give 'em one! You better gather up your duds and put 'em away. And I don't know as it's worth while to hunt another place for you. I reckon you was cut out for a failure."

Mrs. Gardener settled back into a displeased silence rather more depressing than her previous harangue had been. Abby arose with a patient sigh, gathered up her hat, gloves and parasol and trailed limply away.

Roger Sterling looked after her with more pity and less amusement than

"Bring that hot water bottle, and come quick."

she usually excited in his mind. He was accustomed to taking Abby, with her awkwardness and angles, and her perennial and futile search for positions as something of a joke or, at least, material for humorous short stories. Just now he was wondering if there were no angular, three-cornered niches into which such women could be made to fit.

As for Abby, she went into her own room and sat down on a tall, straight chair, pondering. There was nothing for her to do about the house. Her mother was a hearty, capable woman, whose pride and boast it was that she chose to do all her own housework and allowed no assistance from her girls of any one else.

"If she would only let me stay quietly at home and help her," meditated Abby, "I wouldn't always feel so superfluous and guilty. We don't need the money, and I'll never get a position in a century. Well, if I am a failure, as mother says, I might as well make the best of it and be as good a failure as I can, so I guess I'll go to work and darn my stockings."

Roger Sterling, passing down the walk on his way to town, saw her at the window rocking and darning.

"Poor girl!" he thought, with careless compassion. "Of all dismal and disconsolate beings I think an incapable woman is the most hopeless."

The afternoon was growing late when he returned by way of the back porch, as [illegible] to do. Something [illegible] to be inspiring. The footsteps [illegible] about the kitchen were not [illegible] by Mrs. Gardener. He looked in and beheld Abby—poor, limp, lifeless Abby—but she was neither limp nor incapable now. Her face, which usually wore an expression of humble discouragement, was beaming rosily through the hazy steam of some fragrant beverage she was brewing over the gas stove. Her slim figure, always at a disadvantage in linen and lace, was shapely and trim in a tidily buttoned cooking apron. She was supple and springy and alert; she was brisk and alive with purpose and energy.

She saw Roger all of a sudden gazing at her in wonder through the steamy mist.

"Mother has a chill," she explained concisely. "I've got to fix her up and then get supper for you." In spite of her filial anxiety her eyes shone.

He came forward as she started away like a rosy sprite in a cloud of vapor. "Can't I help you somehow?" he said.

"Yes, bring that hot water bottle, and come quick."

"Jerusha! She didn't ask me; she ordered," said Roger to himself, with a grin of amusement, as he tagged along after the shimmering goddess-like form.

"More hot stuff!" groaned Mrs. Gardener as the odor of Abby's brew smote her from afar. "I'm warmer now, Abby. In this mountain of blankets you put over me and with the hot iron. I think I'm getting over the chill, and I'll try and get up after a little and see about"—

"Not a bit of it you won't," Abby's voice was low and tranquil, but Roger marked the firm undercurrent. "You are not going to do one thing today nor until you are perfectly well. You must drink this hot lemonade and go to sleep if you can. Give me the hot water bottle, Mr. Sterling. There, now."

As Abby tucked down the blankets and patted them Mrs. Gardener settled submissively and sleepily into her pillows. "If you think you can get supper"—

"I'll help her," shouted Roger eagerly. "Shan't I, Miss Abby? What'll I do first?"

"I'll the teakettle," directed Abby; "then I'll let you set the table. But, mind you, don't meddle with that cocoanut layer cake on the tilted pantry shelf, right hand side."

"Glad you told me exactly where it was," he said, "I shall have it for my supper," announced Roger, traveling off kitchenward with alacrity, while Abby flew along after like a lapwing and arrived first at the goal, with a new and bewildering display of roses in her cheeks.

After a week of Abby's care and coddling Mrs. Gardener was allowed to sit up on the shady porch. She leaned back in her big rocker with a delightful sense of sun-pats. Influence about her.

"How nice it is to think I needn't depend on one to depend on [illegible] to Roger, who was [illegible] Abby's late flowering [illegible] "What ever should Abby do turn out such a good nurse and housekeeper after all her failures at every [illegible]? I shall just keep her now to help me with the work."

"Oh, no, you can't, ma'am," said Roger, pausing suddenly in his task, "'cause, you see, she has secured a position."

"Hey?" gasped Mrs. Gardener blankly. "Abby—a position?"

"Yes," returned Roger calmly, driving in a nail. "I have engaged Abby myself."

Quieting a Bully.

A man was brought up in a provisional court on a charge of stealing a sack of flour and was very severely handled by the prosecuting lawyer, who had once made himself notorious by going into bankruptcy, which was the only means by which he could escape his debts.

"You admit that you stole the sack of flour?" questioned counsel sternly.

"Yes, but I took it honestly and in broad daylight to save my children from starvation," pleaded the prisoner.

"You call that honestly, do you?" sneered the lawyer. "I call it amazing impudence. Stealing is stealing from whatever point of view you care to look at it."

"Just so, mister, but it don't allus bring the same punishment," retorted the man in the dock. "For instances, I shouldn't have been here now if I'd cribbed as you used to do bought, or ordered, the flour and never paid for it!"

And even the magistrate chuckled behind his papers at the bullying lawyer's discomfiture.—London Tit-Bits.

An Oriental Love Letter.

English is put to strange and eloquent uses in the orient. Here, for instance, is a letter addressed to a native gentleman by a youth seeking the hand of his daughter:

To Baboo ——, Paternal Father of Miss ——.

Dear Sir—It is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret passion has firing my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love knot that is being constructed in my withinside, but the humid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love-sickened heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. Hoping that, having debated, this proposition to your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny, to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle. Your dutiful son-in-law.

—Harper's Weekly.

Took Him For a Gentleman.

A bookseller in New York city tells a story which admirably illustrates the tact and humor of Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer in books and manuscripts. The New York man visited Quaritch's shop for the purpose of obtaining a number of valuable scientific works. After making his selection he stepped up to Mr. Quaritch and asked the price. As Mr. Quaritch began to quote the figures the American interrupted him, saying: "But I am a dealer myself. What are the trade prices?" "Oh," replied the famous bookman, "I thought you were a gentleman." The American was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, for Mr. Quaritch held out his hand and said smilingly: "But I am delighted to find that you are not only a gentleman, but a dealer as well. The trade discount is one-third off."

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

There Was a Time When It Was an Unmentionable Article.

The evolution of the pocket handkerchief is odd and interesting. There was a time when it was an unmentionable thing, says Modern Society of London—an article to be kept out of sight and referred to only in a whisper. In polite conversation it was carefully avoided, and as to one's being caught using a handkerchief it meant social ostracism.

This state of things obtained up to the time of the first Napoleon, when the Empress Josephine brought it forward for a personal reason. The only defect in her beauty was an irregularity of the teeth, and to hide this she used a delicate little handkerchief, which from time to time she raised to her lips. Thus she was enabled to laugh occasionally. Seeing that it was a case of either laughter going out or handkerchiefs coming into fashion, the court ladies adopted the pretty pieces of cambric and lace.

In England the evolution of the article which is now so openly displayed by women was equally slow. There was a time when it was forbidden to mention it on the stage or to make use of it even in the most tearful situation, while the people in the gallery and the pit shed their tears into their laps. Even when it was mentioned for the first time in one of Shakespeare's plays it was received with hisses and general indignation by the audience. Little by little, however, the prejudice gave way, and a time came when the handkerchief could be flourished in broad daylight.

A Coin in the Sea.

A coin dropped into the sea will sink to the bottom, however deep it is, owing to the fact that the metal is heavier than the volume of water that it displaces.

It is a common but mistaken notion that the density of the sea increases with its depth and consequent pressure, as does the density of the atmosphere, which we all know is greatest at the earth's surface. The air, however, like all gases, is elastic, and, when under pressure (as with its own weight), shrinks in volume and gains in density.

Water, on the other hand, is absolutely incompressible, and, although the pressure in the sea increases at the rate of about one pound for every two feet we descend, the density of the water remains the same; consequently the penny continues to outweigh the water it displaces and the coin sinks until it finds a solid resting place. The pressure of the water has no influence at all on the coin, acting as it does on all sides equally.

Fast Days in Russia.

Fast days in Russia are numerous. Besides the ordinary Lenten period, which, however, in Russia is forty-eight days long instead of forty, they have three shorter periods of fasting—one of nineteen days in June, one of fourteen days in August, and another of thirty-three days in November and December. There are also three single days of fasting, of which two are also holidays.

Fasting is a serious matter in Russia, for fish, milk and eggs are forbidden as well as meats. The result is that the markets for such products are largely cut off for about one-third of the year and dairy farming becomes unprofitable, as strict observance of fasts is a weightier matter with the people than honesty or any other feature of our system of morals.

Charles Lamb's Grace.

On one occasion when Edmund Clarence Stedman was visiting in New England he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing. "I was rather surprised and for just a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Stedman in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered." "But, Mr. Stedman," demanded a young woman of the party, eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?" "To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances." "And that was?" He looked about the board and asked in surprise, "Is there no clergyman present?" The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed, "For this and all other mercies, O Lord, make us truly thankful!"

When Wit Is Perfect.

When wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principles, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—Sydney Smith.

Practical.

Ponder—Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?

Housekeep—No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with.—Philadelphia Press.

Daddy Stumped.

Willie—Daddy, why can't a man run faster than a hox?

Dad—Because he's bigger.

Willie—Is that it? Then why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front ones?

But dad gave it up.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A nice thing about having children is that it keeps a man's wits sharpened to prevent them from discovering how much he doesn't know.—New York Press.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

City Shaving Parlors,

ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.

Shaving and Hair Dressing

—In the latest style of Art.—

None but first-class workmen employed.

Shining Chair.

Men Here's Your Chance to Get a Fine Suit or Overcoat for Very Little Money.

A prominent man of this town belittled the value of advertising—in a small town—"that it would not increase sales, even if goods were offered at less than cost price," in short, that you could not advertise gold Dollars, at 99c and find takers. We smiled contemptuously at this man's assertions and simply replied "come in during the next two weeks, and see the result of TRUTHFUL advertising, for we will begin this week.

A TREMENDOUS REDUCTION SALE

and people who read and hear of this will come, investigate and buy." We are going to prove to our wise friend how little he knows of the RESULTS of advertising FACTS and FIGURES.

We will and must clean up the balance of our fall Stock before the arrival of our Spring goods; Hence all our high-grade, well-tailored, perfect-fitting,

Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Suits

have been, in many cases,

REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF

our former low selling price. This Sale will positively end on Saturday, the 30th day of January.

$1.50 for Child's Ovetcoats and Suits we sold at $2.00, $2.50 and $2.75; ages from 3 to 9.

$2.50 for Boys' Overcoats and Suits we sold at $3.00, $3.50 and $3.75; guaranteed all wool; ages 3 to 15.

$3.25 for Boys' Overcoats and suits we sold at $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00. They are stylish and up-to-date, all wool.

$4.75 for Boys' Overcoats and Suits we sold from $5.50 up to $9.50. Better hurry they will not last long at that price. Ages 7 to 16.

$5.00 for Overcoats and suits we sold at $6.00, $6.50 and $7.00. Splendid goods for so little money.

$6.25 for any Overcoat or Suit in the house we sold at $7.50, $8.00 and $8.50. No such offering anywhere else, all sizes.

$7.50 for Overcoats and Suits we sold at $9.50, $10.00 and $10.50. Handsome all wool garments. Suitable for all-year-around wear.

$9.75 for any Overcoat or Suit in the house we sold up to $13.50. It is THE BARGAIN of all Bargains, ever offered anywhere.

$12.50 for any Overcoat or Suit we sold at $15.00, $16.50 and $17.50. You could not distinguish them from Tailor-made goods at more than double the price we ask.

MEN'S STORM OVERCOATS OR ULSTERS.

$5.00 for the regular $7.50 grade; Black, Gray and Irish Frieze, 52 inches long, with large Storm Collars, &c., sizes 36 to 44.

$7.50 entitles you to pick out any Storm Coat up to $15.00, sizes 34 to 46. Have you ever been offered a bigger Bargain than this?

TRADING STAMPS WITH ALL PURCHASES.

WM. MONHEIMER, "THE FAMOUS," Central Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

AMARYLLIS

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Outside it was raw and gusty, with white, high lying clouds scudding so thickly across a pale sky that only wan and watery sunshine strained through the breaks between. Inside there was the balm of May, especially in the south parlor, where I knew I should find Myrtilla.

Myrtilla is tall and twenty, with a child's footstand a turn of the head and neck that would become an empress. She has coral red lips, a fine, straight nose, olive skin, dark almond eyes, heavily lashed and lidded, and a low, straight brow, deeply shadowed by dusky floss silk hair. In virtue of all this she reigns as a queen over most men. We had been engaged until two weeks ago—to be exact, until the date of the Verinews' ball and the episode of the Grantley girl.

The ball is ancient history now; besides, it has really nothing to do with the case. I left off dancing—with the Grantley girl at 4 a. m.—to fling myself into tweeds and set forth upon a week's journey. Coming home from it, I found my table cumbered with my letters to Myrtilla down to the most fragmentary note—those of the last week unopened—my ring, my books, a bracelet or two, the locket with my picture and a litter of those idiotic things one sends at Christmas and Easter and on birthdays. It was this litter that saved me from utter despair. I reasoned that if Myrtilla had cared enough for me to keep it all this time she could not give up caring for me in a moment.

Still, I knew there was a tough job ahead. But I did not dream she would go to the length of refusing to see or hear me or even to listen to my side of the case through Aunt Bab, most tactful of intermediaries. Her people backed her, too—all but Dicky. Dicky is fifteen and owns the distinction of being the only thing in trousers Myrtilla has found herself unable to subjugate. I cannot flatter myself that Dicky's advocacy of my cause was wholly disinterested. Dicky has a fine taste in terrier pups and a relish for stolen gallops on my hunters. At home he is allowed nothing more hazardous than a steady going colt. However that may be, it meant a lot to have any sort of friend at court. Otherwise, how should the hall door have swung open at my approach? The servants had strict orders to shut it civilly in my face.

"She's in there. It beats me why you want her, why you want any girl, when you've got heaps of dogs and horses," Dicky said, grinning, as I shot past him. "She's been real hateful polite; no good for even a fight this whole week." Dicky's voice pursued me down the hall.

The south parlor is a square box, open three sides to the sun, with walls more than half windows, iron barred outside and full of green, growing things within. There is a big fireplace. Myrtilla stood in front of it, her eyes intently fixed upon the smoldering logs. At my entrance she started ever so little, turned her head the least bit and kept on staring in the fire.

"Myrtilla," I ventured irresolutely, my hand still on the doorknob.

She sat down and took up her embroidery, her face still further averted. Then I knew I had won half a point. If she had been as flurry as she believed herself to be she would have marched away with her nose in the air.

I began again formally, "Miss Grey," but stopped short. She had begun to whistle over her work softly, meditatively, as though she knew herself to be alone.

Something happened then. I am neither poet nor romancer, but my ranging eye saw in the south window a creature of tropic charm, slim and tall, green gowned as a wood nymph, with wonderful golden tawny eyes and a crown still more wonderfully red. As I went to her she shivered and set all her green gown fluttering defensively, but I paid no heed to it, only said joyously, baring my head:

"Amaryllis! You are a real godsend! I was never so glad to see any one in all my life."

Myrtilla's head came around so that I saw her profile out of the tail of my eye. I fancied she stared, but dared not make sure of it. My wood nymph barely nodded; her honors were all at rest. I bent toward her low enough to look into her golden tawny eyes and ran on:

"What have you done to yourself? You are so beautiful, so strangely, so rarely beautiful, it makes me desperate that I did not keep my heart for you, or rather, it would make me desperate if hearts were things that could be given or kept at will."

Certainly the wood nymph stared; the golden tawny eyes looked at me unwinking. Myrtilla's head had turned a little more. Her lips were the least bit parted, as though her breath came hard. I straightened and stuck a hand in my pocket as I added:

"The pity of it! There's a true heart gone to waste! True hearts are none so plenty, Amaryllis."

"Certainly they are not," came scornfully from the fireside. I affected not to hear and went on manfully:

"I've played and lost—lost so miserably. Listen—then tell me if you think I quite deserve what I am getting?"

"I am going away," came faintly from Myrtilla's chair, but Myrtilla herself sat still and even made a pretense of putting stitches into her work. Finding me silent through a long minute, she sat very straight and added:

"Naturally one is nervous at finding oneself alone with a lunatic. Only lunatics talk to things as though they were people."

"Don't mind her, Amaryllis," I said softly. "Poor creature, she is jealous. She thinks you are no more than a lily blooming in a pot. We know better, of course."

"really, I did not think she had so much imagination." Myrtilla said outright, snipping her thread as she spoke.

I stared harder than ever at Amaryllis, saying: "Imagination is a fearful thing sometimes. I am glad, Amaryllis, you altogether lack it. You would never see in ordinary civilities to a pretty girl anything to turn your lovely golden tawny eyes green."

"Dancing or sitting out every other number, I suppose, comes under the head of 'ordinary civilities,'" Myrtilla said, her lip curling.

I kept on quietly: "And even if you felt hurt you would let me explain. The Verinews have hearts as big as their fortune. Thus it happens I owe them what money can never pay. Not so many years back there was a big flurry in the street that put my governor in the worst sort of hole. It needed a cool million to get him out, and a Verinew million did it. Yet the governor was hardly an acquaintance. Verinew learned his extremity by chance and came to his help because, as he phrased it, he didn't think the other side was putting up a square deal. It does not lessen the obligation that he got his million back, plus a good profit. Eventually the Grantley girl will have it, with several millions more. She is a granddaughter—unacknowledged because Mme. Verinew wishes to seem as young as their fortune—but the very apple of the Verinew eye. They wanted her to be the belle of the ball—she was shy and sensitive and frightened half out of her wits. Somehow she trusted me"—

"I don't at all wonder at that," said a voice from the fireplace.

I bowed gravely and resumed: "When she is not frightened she is pretty, Amaryllis. Her head is splendidly red—not quite so red as yours. She is light on her feet, too, and loves to dance as well as the flowers do. The trouble is she has not yet quite caught the rhythms she must move to, so needs must lean heavily upon her partner. I understood, some of the others did not. Occasionally one was flurried, still more occasionally old impertinent. And a single cad let her see he was ashamed of dancing with her in spite of the millions. At her first ball! Think of it! I had to take away the sting of it somehow. Perhaps I did seem devoted, but she didn't misunderstand. I told her about Myrtilla in our very first waltz."

A little inarticulate cry from the fireplace here. Covertly I saw tears on Myrtilla's cheeks. She made as though to rise, but sank back, turned away her head and resumed the furious stabbing with her needle. I gathered the greenery of Amaryllis in my hands, laid my cheek against it and said dreamily:

"Amaryllis, tell me why I am fated to love dusky hair. All the painters and poets agree that red is ever so much more beautiful."

"Are you sure, quite sure, you do love it?" Myrtilla asked tremulously. She was not answered in words.

Five minutes later Dicky bursting in upon us, found us side by side, looking down at Amaryllis through sunshine grown suddenly and magically warm and golden. After a long look Dicky whistled, turned on his heel and said from the door over his shoulder: "So you two have made it up. McSniffers said you would, 'cause that red lily bloomed so far ahead of time. But I don't care about that. All I want is to know what you've gain' to give me when you get married."

What Constitutes Death.

Is the cessation of the heart's action an invariable sign of death? There is on record the case of a woman whose heart was revived by artificial respiration some time after she was supposed to have died, but the heart stopped again when the artificial respiration was given up. There is on record also the case of a decapitated murderer whose heart continued to beat for an hour after the execution. Was the man dead?

Obviously the cessation of the brain's activities is no criterion. A medical authority who has lately considered this absorbing and important question offers the following definition of what we call "death:" "Death," it is suggested, is the name given to the inability of the organs of the body to act together with that harmony which is characteristic of "life," although the derangement of this vital harmony does not preclude a possible activity of the individual organs, which recalls Herbert Spencer's well known definition of life as a continued adjustment of internal relations to external relations.—Harper's Weekly.

A Bargain.

"I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley as he proceeded to open a large, round box.

"What is it, precious?"

"Wait and see."

Darley carefully unwrapped the article and disclosed a lady's hat.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked. "I bought it myself as a surprise to you. Don't you think it is a perfect dream?"

Mrs. Darley gazed at the hat and burst into tears.

"I can't wear it!" she cried. "It doesn't suit me at all. You meant to please me, I know, but it isn't my style at all."

"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me hereafter I'll let you select your own hats and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.

The Eloping Philosopher.

"We're going to miss getting a roomful of presents, George," said the dear girl as she eloped with the youth of her choice.

"Yes," he cheerfully replied, "and we're going to bear the loss with a good deal of philosophy, when we remember that we don't have to give a roomful of presents in return."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Carry brightness with you to the home. Worry should have no place under the roof that shelters your wife and children.—Maxwell's Talisman.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are such that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John A. Nelson, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Edward Larson, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

EDWARD LARSON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

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